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THE 1913 BETHANIAN

Published by

The Senior and Junior Classes of Bethany College

COLLEGE GATES



“Such noble scenes as draw the eye to flow
We now present. Those that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those that come to see
Only a show or two, and so agree
The play may pass, if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake may set away their shilling
Richly in two hours.

Therefore, for goodness' sake, and as you're known,
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
.....think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great
And followed with the general throng and sweat
Of thousand friends”

DEDICATION

AS A GRATEFUL, THOUGH INADEQUATE, TOKEN OF
GRATITUDE, REVERENCE, AND LOVE,
THE BETHANIAN OF 1913 IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

PROFESSOR E. LEE PERRY

WHOSE SIMPLE KINDLINESS, UNASSUMING MODESTY, DEEP
SINCERITY AND WHOLE-HEARTED INTEREST IN THE
WELFARE OF THE STUDENTS HAS ASSURED HIM
A PERMANENT PLACE IN THE AFFECTION
AND MEMORY OF ALL WITH WHOM
HE HAS COME INTO CONTACT





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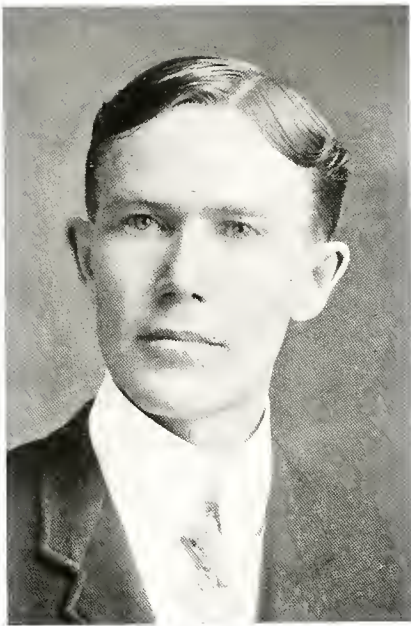
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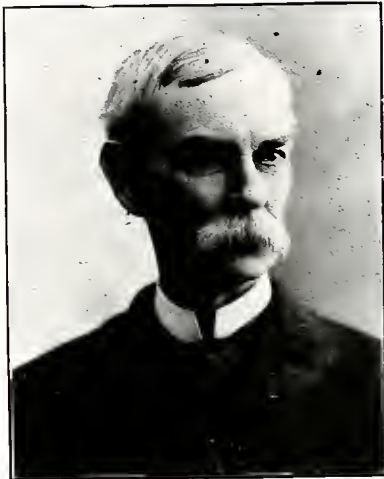


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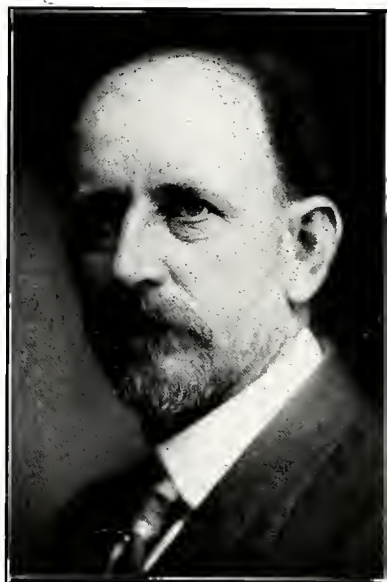
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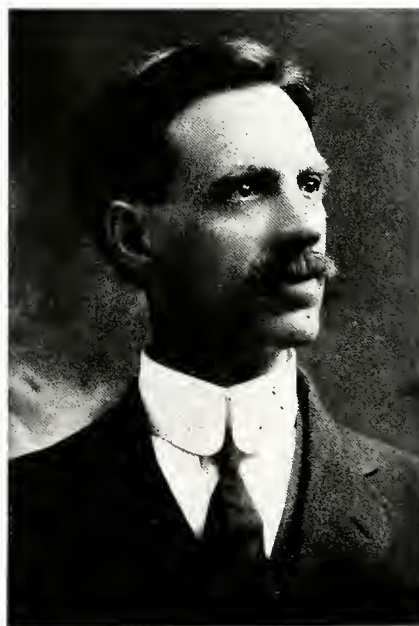
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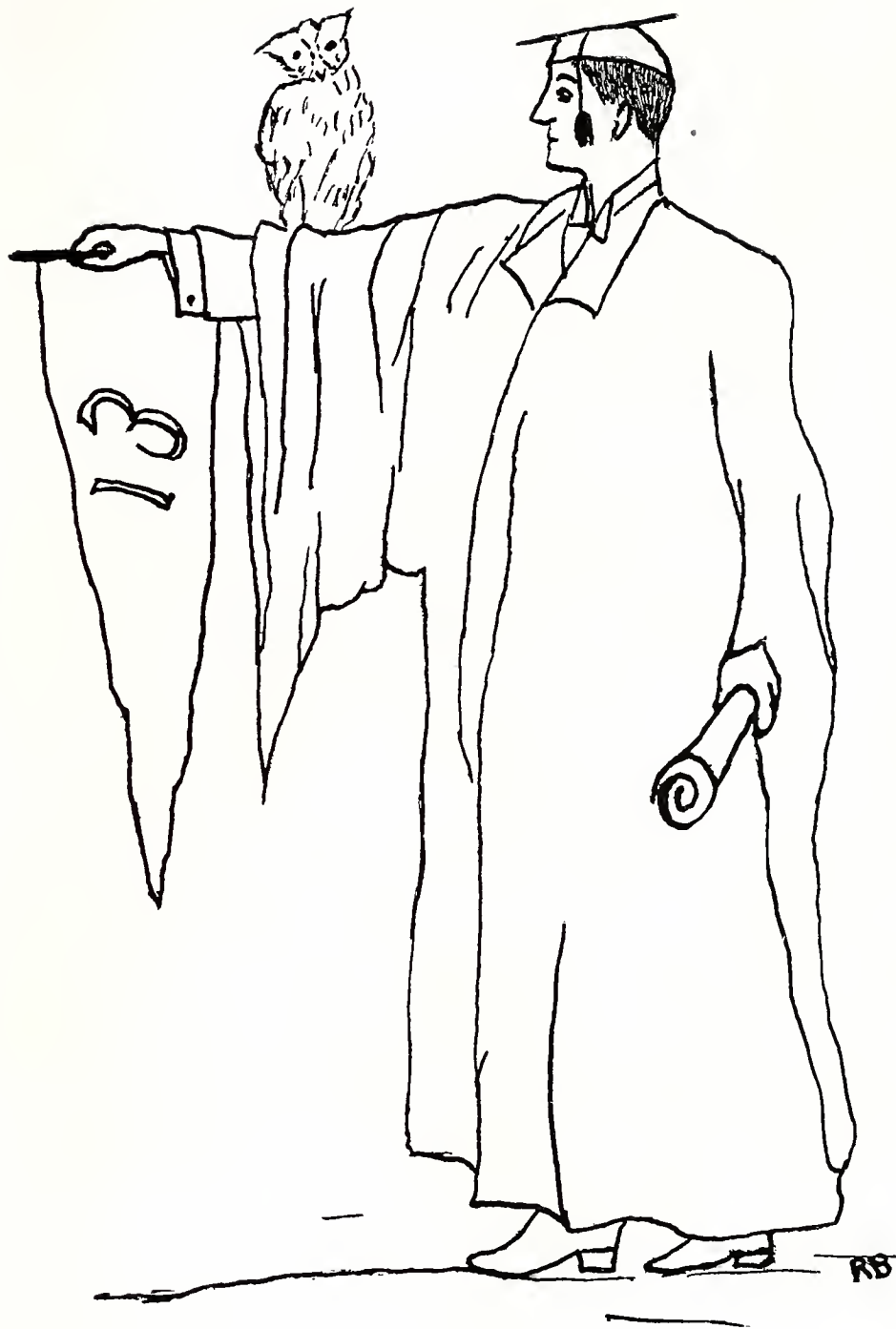
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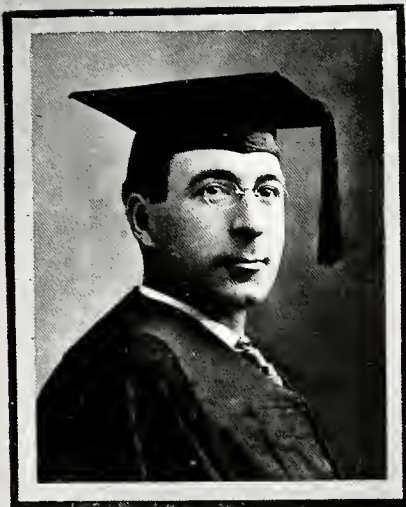
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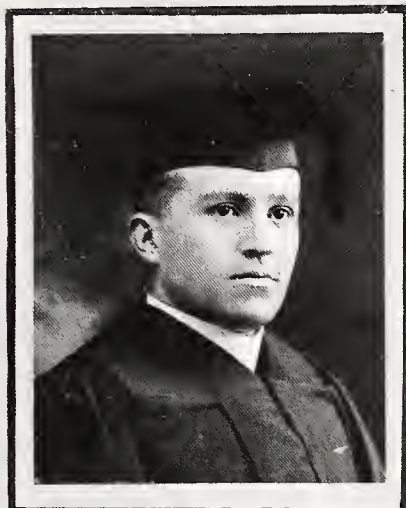
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A. L. I.
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Basket ball, '13
Baseball, '11, '12, '13
Captain Baseball, '13
Commencement Orator.

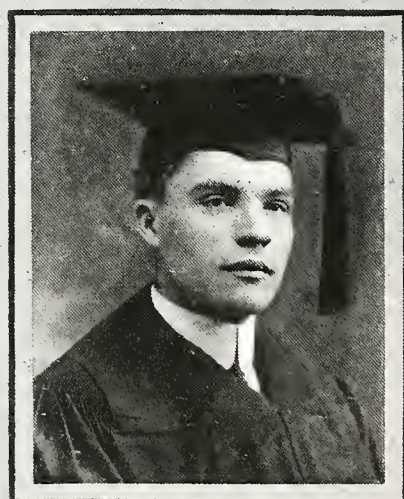




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 Traverse City, Mich.
 Kappa Alpha
 N. L. S.
 Y. M. C. A.



VELMA RODEFER, A. B.
 Shadyside, Ohio.
 Alpha Xi Delta
 President A. L. I., '12-'13
 Secretary Y. W. C. A., '11-'12
 President Y. W. C. A., '12-'13
 Vice President Y. W. B. C., '11-'12
 Secretary Senior Class
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 A. L. I.
 Member Orchestra, '08 and '13

WILLIAM S. SHUTTLEWORTH, B. S.

Aurora, W. Va.

Sigma Nu.

N. L. S.

Football, '09, '10, '11, '12

Basket ball, '10, '12, '13

Baseball, '10, '11, '12, '13

Captain Baseball, '12

Captain Football, '11

Member Student Senate

Member Athletic Board, '11, '12;
'12, '13

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Commencement Orator.



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Graduate Scio School of Oratory

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N. L. S.



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Rudolph, Ohio
Alpha Xi Delta
A. L. I.
Commencement Orator.





ILA ZOE SPORE, Mus. B.
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A. L. I.
Y. W. C. A.



FRANK LINTON, Ph. B.
Mingo Junction, Ohio
Sigma Alpha Epsilon
Normal Graduate, Mt. Union
Member N. E. A.
Superintendent of Schools, Mingo, O.

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Mount Vernon, Ohio.

DAISY LEE RAMSEY, MUS. B.,
West Union, W. Va.

Normal Graduates

MARGARET E. HURT, B. PED.
Pounding Mill, Va.

FRANCES RIGGS, B. PED.
Wellsburg, W. Va.

MILDRED MERIWETHER, B. PED.
Princeton, Ky.

MERLE FRANCES TRUDEAU, B. PED.
Moundsville, W. Va.

GARDA BACHELL, B. PED.
Bethany, W. Va.

HAZEL PHILIPS, B. PED.
Bethany, W. Va.

OLIVER A. DOAK, B. PED.
Mount Pleasant, W. Va.

HELENE BEAUMONT, B. PED.
New Cumberland, W. Va.

Junior



R.B.



MYRLE CUNNINGHAM.

Myrle is our beloved president. She is quiet, and a true personification of dignity (sometimes). She can justly boast of having more callers in a single evening than any other five girls in school, usually between six and seven o'clock in the evening. She has hopes of being a great lady politician in the very near future and the Class of '14 expect with much earnestness that Myrle will be the first suffragette President of these glorious United States of America. She has already written down to her credit one remarkable victory—that of ladies' nail driving contest in field day, '12.



HOWARD A. BLANNING

Gentle reader, allow me to introduce our good friend Blanning. "Blanche" is prominent in all College activities, being President of N. L. S. and treasurer of the Bible Class. His chosen profession is preaching, but we feel that his success as a comedian would be greater, especially after we saw his impersonation of Prof. T. His voice also would prove a valuable asset were he to appear on the stage, for as some one remarked, he can sing like a nightingale.



ELIZABETH WILKIN.

Her name is Elizabeth Ann. She hails from New Cumberland (a little village up the river). The Bingville Bugle is her favorite literature. You can tell by the impudent tilt of her nose that she is good-natured, kind-hearted and lovable. She is a very versatile miss, being a good musician, a talented entertainer, and accomplished horsewoman, and last but not least, a scientific cook. She expects to take a master's degree in Domestic Art, and to that end she is now working, practicing cooking day and night.



EDITH HUNTER.

In the fall of Nineteen-Ten, Edith and her smile arrived in Bethany. Edith stars in her classes and its a good thing for Pryor that he graduates this year. For three years now, Edith has mourned for old "Eagle Beak" Watson. Don't you think she looks poorly?



ROMAINE BELL.

Miss Romaine Bell is a student. She is noted for making high grades and for accomplishing successfully everything she undertakes. But with all her studies, Romaine never has the blues, for she is always pleasant and cheerful. There no doubt lies a bright future before her, in the cultivation of her unmistakable talent in art and music. We fear, though, that the little fellow with the bow will not be victorious, as "Romey" has so far in all her "Biz" trials been victorious over the mischievous one.



TILDEN C. HORN.

Toot, toot, Oh pardon me. I mean T. C. is one of those Horns who doesn't do his own blowing. But you ought to hear Mrs. T. C. tell what a model he is. He is the only benedict in the class, too. Brother Horn is a very busy man, but if any one says anything about the lack of College spirit, just refer him to Horn. His hardest task is acting as chaperon for the Rechabite Club.



FLOYD H. SMITH

"Little Smith" is the scientist of our class. When a child, he roved gaily through the woods, examining all the flowers and little bugs. But now he has settled down to hard work in the class room. Of course there is a girl in the case. "Hazel" eyes were always winning. He is always gay and jovial, and his ready smile and bright Hello have made for him many warm friends.



BESSIE SPENCE.

This is Bessie Spence from Pittsburgh; one of those shy, retiring, unassuming natures so characteristic of great musicians. In her Freshman year, Bessie had a "Biz"; Bessie had a Biz in her Sophomore year, and now that she is a Junior she has yet a Biz. She is a follower of the maxim, "Little girls should be seen not heard." But she certainly believes in being very much seen; in fact, her appearance is not unlike a comet, since she is always followed by Sparks.



EMILY BRISSENDEN

This is Emily Brissenden, a jolly girl, who came to us a few weeks ago from Noble, Ill. Her sole purpose in coming to Bethany was to learn the concord of sweet sounds, so that she might return home, and charm the one whom we know as "Dear Heart," only. We hope that she as a loyal Junior, may accomplish whatever she undertakes.

DALE WINIFRED ROSS

This sober-browed, prim-looking maid's appearance is somewhat deceiving, but when those three well-placed dimples break forth, her true nature is revealed. Sunny, jolly, funny Dale of the dry humor and kindly wit is one to whom many of us go with our troubles. As a member of the Students' Senate she considers it her duty to refrain from bizzing and to keep up a good standard in College work. Her most expressive sayings are "great guns" and "bless Mike." Such a well-balanced combination of serious simplicity and light-hearted levity is Dale Winifred Ross.

MABEL BAKER.

This "Little Bake" comes from Mannington, W. Va., and is a Junior in music. Although there is not much to her in size, she makes up for this in other ways; for she is always at the front in her studies and never averse to having a good time. She has a keen and original sense of humor, and according to the other "Bake," her sister, knows well the art of teasing. Earnest and sincere in whatever she undertakes, she has by her attractive personality won many friends since she has been at Old Bethany.

DAVID PERRY MORRIS

Perry, a shining light from no less town than Martins Ferry, since he arrived three years ago, has not gone extensively or promiscuously into the subject of "Biz," as we well know that he would a little rather confine himself to one subject. However, he is studious and musical, too. Perry's best friends are his beautiful and luxuriant clusters of sideburns.





ROBERT WILKIN

New Cumberland has furnished 1914 with another highly esteemed friend. All love Bob for his sociableness. Since becoming a Bizite and an advocate of Women's Suffrage, he is very much missed by his sister and friends.

ROBERT M. BROOKES

Bob is the attorney of the Class. He hails from East Liverpool, the center of the pottery universe. He'll tell you so himself. Though so long celibate, he has become very "bizzy" of late. When the trials and afflictions of College life are over, we expect to see him arguing himself to speedy fame, among the Gladstones of the Up-the-River community.

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

President	MYRLE CUNNINGHAM
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Secretary and Treasurer	ROMAINE BELL
Historian	T. C. HORN

Junior Class History

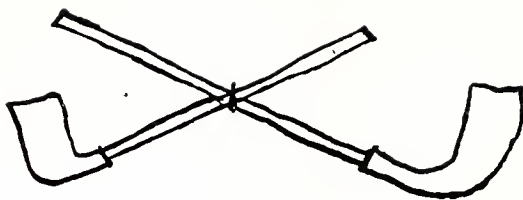
From the four corners of the Universe came a select few of our best young men and women, and with rare wisdom found only in the choicest of their kind, to that Historic Institution known the world over as "Old Bethany." But, by their magic art "Presto, Change" A New Bethany, exceeding in grandeur and exquisite beauty adorns the site of the "Old Bethany." This is only a simile transferred from the Senior Class of 1913 to the Junior class of the same. As is the New Bethany to the Old, so is the Junior Class to the Senior.

Our ranks are few but it is a well-known fact that good goods come in small packages, so what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality. A large percentage of real students in the class and fewer bone-heads than any class ever graduated from Bethany College and with an enviable record for manliness, gentleness, courtesy and Twentieth Century Chivalry.

The Junior Class of 1913 claims the honor of abolishing, as Sophomores, the "Class Scrap" which has been so very unpopular with the faculty in recent years. They did this because they have a higher conception of the good to be derived from more elevating contests such as debates, oratorical contests, etc. never having suffered defeat at the hands of any other class.

It is our candid opinion that this class will have few failures among its graduates in the years to come because of their high aims and purposes, and, also, on account of their efficiency and thoroughness. So may it ever be.

T. C. H.



Soph

R.B.

Sophomore Class

Colors: Old Rose and Slate

Flower: Red Carnation

Motto: Vivamus dum vivimus

OFFICERS

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ETHEL I. McMILLEN.....	Vice-President
HAZEL PHILIPS.....	Secy-Treas.
JOY TAYLOR.....	Historian
J. B. WEBSTER.....	Captain of Campus

CLASS ROLL

HARRIETTE ALEXANDER	BELLE McLACHLEN
STANLEY F. BITTNER	ETHEL I. McMILLEN
THOMAS H. BROWN	ARABELLA MARVIN
RUTH B. BLOOM	JAMES P. McMULLEN
JOHN BURGAN	JOHN O. MCNEELEY
WILLIAM D. BUTLER	HAZEL PHILIPS
T. H. BOWEN	FRANCES RIGGS
KATHRYN COOPER	MAUD M. SCHULTZ
EARL L. CHESTNUT	W. B. SHARRET
LAWRENCE DOAK	PAMELA Y. SCOTT
OLIVER A. DOAK	HELEN SMITH
MOLLIE GERKE	JOY TAYLOR
E. WALTER LAPE	J. B. WEBSTER
ABIGAL J. LESNETT	WILLIAM F. WILSON



History of the Sophomore Class

Oh, what a history has been ours. The period of the class of 1915 shall go down on the records of old Bethany as a memorable epoch in her history. For, have we not excelled any class that has gone before us?

When first we entered the time-honored walls of Bethany, the President of the institution was heard to ask incredulously if we were Freshmen. Many days had not elapsed ere the report had gone abroad that never in the annals of the school had there been such an intelligent, well-deported freshman class. Indeed, one of the seniors, upon meeting an alert, intelligent-looking youth, asked promptly if he were not a freshman. Said senior was not at all non-plussed upon hearing that the young man was no other than the new professor of Biology from Chicago University, for he affirmed that he could scarcely have paid the professor a higher compliment.

The class of '15 immediately entered with great zeal into all the phases of College life. The professors couldn't cease wondering at the superiority of our recitations. The Literary societies received new life, and pulsed with the vigorous new blood. The hearts of the coaches of the athletic teams leapt for joy, for never had better material been offered. The ranks of Biz were not without recruits from the Class of '15, and it is not strange that none of the freshmen were hazed by the Sophs. It is not strange because all sophdom seemed to be seized with a violent stroke of paralysis whenever the name, "Freshman" was heard.

Oh, the poor sophs. How they trembled at the word "scrap," and what an unanimous sigh of relief arose from sophish lips when Pres. Cramblet called off the annual class scrap. But, as for us, we mourned that we had lost an opportunity to prove our metal upon the battlefield. But when the first pangs of disappointment had passed away, we realized how much more glorious it was to be supreme in the class room, athletics, and literary societies, so we rested upon our laurels of Freshdom, and prepared to sweep all before us in our triumphal entry as Sophomores.

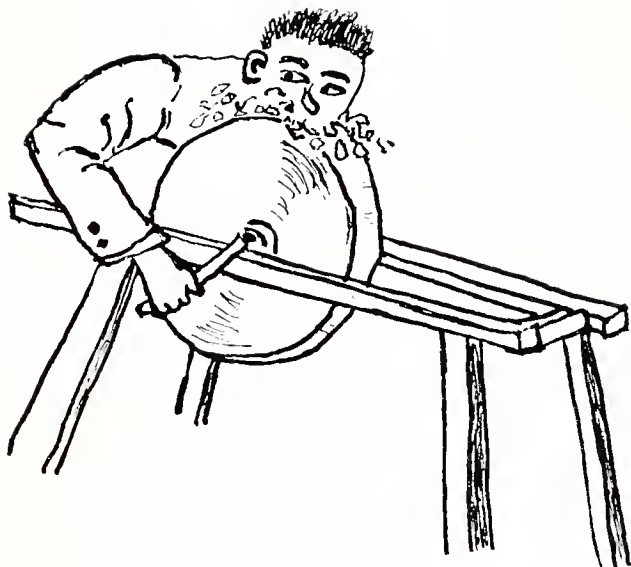
Our Freshman days are over, but the same unconquerable spirit is yet ours. We have learned the sensible lesson, to rise above the barbarous customs of fighting and hazing and to stand for the highest ideals of womanhood and manhood, for worth and efficiency and for the truest types of Christian character.

We have realized that the pen is far mightier than the sword and that mind is supreme over matter. Our delights are in our studies. We revel in orations and debates and have challenged the verdant Freshmen to any contest of brain and wits. We hail from all corners of the earth, from Scotland's rugged braes to Oklahoma's plains, from the sunny South to the cold shores of New England we have gathered to sing the praises of old Bethany. We have among us distinguished orators and writers, musicians and singers, of whom we are justly proud.

Since our Freshman days, we have had ideals and we wish to teach our successors the great lesson that to guard true ideals is far better than to guard a rag.

We have raised our torch of honor on high and may it ever shine bright and undimmed, to light the unknown path for those who shall come after us.

JOY FRAZER TAYLOR



Fresh

R.B.

Freshman Class Roll

GRACE CRAWFORD	EDWARD NEAL
LYREL TEAGARDEN	DOROTHY PERRIN
EDITH BAKER	R. L. BOLON
BARBARA HURT	HARRY RAMSEY
MARGARET BRITTAIN	VANCE GRIMES
MARTHA COX	HARRY MOLDEN
CARRIE GORDON	ROBERT METZNER
JAMES LONG	JOHN GATES
MARY ROYCE	CLYDE HELMICK
ELSIE ROYER	ORVILLE BROWN
ESTHER ROYCE	WILLIAM HUTCHISON
ELIZABETH MORGAN	JOHN EWING
PARKE PEARSON	JAMES HURT
JOHN C. COLVIG	LYDA HUMPHREY
G. L. SHUSTER	MILDRED MERIWETHER
HERMAN CARLTON	M. L. PATTON
ROBERT MELTON	C. W. PULTZ
JOHN EDWARDS	D. F. NICHOLSON
	J. W. WILKINSON



History of the Freshman Class

In the first days of February, 1913, the Freshmen of Bethany stood at a gate behind which lay the first five months of their college life, and through which they were to enter into the realms of time beyond. Just half of their first year at Bethany had passed. Like Janus of old, the Freshmen were looking in two directions, backward and forward.

Far, far in the distance behind them they beheld a scene which filled their eyes with tears. It was a picture of themselves, young, inexperienced, beginning their life at old Bethany. In the foreground of this picture was marked, clearly and distinctly, but in a lighted tone, something which caused the Freshmen to exchange glances of pensive amusement. It was the Opening Social. They saw themselves marching around the Chapel in a frightened circle, becoming acquainted, in some degree at least, with each other and the rest of the school.

Somewhat nearer, but still in the distance, they caught sight of a dark, mysterious picture. Shadowy forms were moving craftily about, whispering in subdued and awful tones. It was easy to recognize this scene as the first Freshman Class meeting. The Freshmen smiled sheepishly as they remembered their former fear of the dire and much-dreaded Soph—the Sophs who had never, up to this time, hurt a hair of their heads. Several of these secret meetings were pictured through the space of time into which they were gazing.

But very near the gate at which they were standing, the Freshmen, with pride, beheld pictures of other meetings—pictures in which the characters were less youthful and shy, more dignified, studious, and purposeful. At the nearest scene of all, the Freshmen held their breath in rapture and joy. The scene was painted in two shades of blue, and in white; white carnations were everywhere in bloom; the Freshmen were gleefully giving their own Class Yell; and above all, extended, like a rainbow, spanning the gate itself and the space beyond the motto of the Freshman Class—"Non nobis solum." Clear, pure, luminous, the words were lettered against the sky; and as they looked, these students were led in thought and vision from the contemplation of the past to the joyous, golden dreams of the future.

We who are reading these pages at this time know the events of the latter half of the Freshman year. But the hearts of the Freshmen, as they stood at the gate in those first days of February, were filled with longings and prayers and questionings; for they knew not what was to come. Full of hope and promise lay the untrodden pathway before them. And overhead, reaching far away into the Great Beyond, the bright rainbow of their ideals pointed out to them the way in which they were to go. "Non nobis solum." So, still remembering the scenes of the past, the Class of 1916, guided ever by that glorious rainbow, passed through the gate into the rich, vast realms of the future.

LYREL G. TEAGARDEN

Literary



American Literary Institute

President, MARGARET E. HURT

ROLL

HARRIETTE ALEXANDER	HARRY RAMSEY
HELEN ATWOOD	VELMA RODEFER
HELENE BEAUMONT	ONWARD RODEFER
ROMAINE BELL	ETHEL RILEY
EDITH BAKER	DALE ROSS
MABEL BAKER	ELSIE ROYER
EARLE BIDDLE	GRACE RIGGS
GRACE CRAWFORD	MARY ROYCE
KATHRYN COOPER	ESTHER ROYCE
E. L. CHESTNUT	PAMELA SCOTT
MR. CALDWELL	VIRGINIA SAYLOR
MR. CHAPMAN	BLANCHE SMITH
CAROLYN GORDON	ILA SPORE
BARBARA HURT	MERLE TRUDEAU
MARGARET HURT	E. H. WRAY
EDTH HUNTER	ELIZABETH WILKIN
GRACE HOLLINGSWORTH	MISS WIND
GRACE HUNSACKER	LULU WHITACRE
KATHRYN JACK	BETH WHITACRE
JOHN LEWIS	HARRIET WOLFE
EDITH MERCER	D. P. MORRIS
VERNA MERCER	A. W. LINVILLE
MILDRED MERIWETHER	JOSEPHINE SPECHT
ARABELLA MARVIN	MARGARET BRITTAIN
ETHEL McMILLEN	J. G. LONG
ROBERT METZNER	EDNA McMASTER



Adelphian Literary Society

ROLL

HELEN ABBISS	RUBY KINER
LOIS ABBISS	J. A. LINVILLE
MARY ADAMS	JESSE LATHAM
S. F. BITTNER	H. E. MARTIN
RUTH BLOOM	ELVA MANN
R. L. BOLON	SARAH MANSELL
MAY BONAR	BELLE McLACHLEN
THOMAS BROWN	REV. J. J. MORGAN
SARAH BEMIES	F. C. MILBURY
LYMAN BLOOD	ROBERT MELTON
MARY CALDWELL	JOHN NEILSON
R. E. CARMAN	M. L. PATTON
J. A. CLARK	JAMES PEARSON
MYRLE CUNNINGHAM	MARY PERRY
MARGARET CRAIG	HAZEL PHILIPS
GEORGE L. COOPER	J. C. PRYOR
HERMAN CARLTON	LOIS PHILIPS
LAWRENCE DOAK	J. M. QUESENBERRY
MARGARET DICKEL	PAUL REEVES
O. A. DOAK	C. E. ROSTOFER
W. O. DEPP	EMMA ROTHER
EDNA ECKELS	GRACE RIGGS
KEZIAH FAIR	A. C. SCOTT
ETHEL GAVER	H. B. SCHULTHEIS
MOLLIE GERKE	MAUDE SCHULTZ
SARAH GORDON	C. P. SMITH
MRS. J. A. HALL	R. W. SPARKS
J. A. HALL	W. B. SHARRATT
JAMES HAMILTON	GEORGE SCHMIDT
MRS. HAMILTON	BESSIE SPENCE
E. B. HENSLEY	GEORGE SCHUSTER
T. C. HORN	JOY TAYLOR
ROBERT HUESTON	LYREL TEAGARDEN
LYDA HUMPHREY	PERCY THOMAS
JOHN KASVIKIS	FRANCES WOLFE



Neotrophian Literary Society

ROLL

BROOKES	LAPE
BLANNING	MILLER
BURGAN	MITCHELL
BESANCON	McGOWAN
BROWN. ORVILLE	McMULLEN
BANE	NEAL, E. C.
BUTLER	SMITH, F. H.
COUGHENOUR	SAUM
EDWARDS, JOHN	SIMMS
GATES	SHUTTLEWORTH
GRIMES	SMITH, JOHN
HUTCHISON	TENER
HOLLAND	WILKIN, R
HARMON	WELCH
HELMICK	WELLS



Calendar

A RHYMED REVIEW OF EVENTS ABOUT BETHANY.

September 17th, First Day.

Up the hill by the score
A hundred or more
All quick of gait
Run, walk, and stand
Near roll-book and
Matriculate.

September 18th, Second Day.

Youths and maidens—see them coming!
Lads and Lassies—hear them humming!
Watch them as the dollars up they cough.
While the sun shines, making hay
At his desk the livelong day
Dr. Cramblet wears the smile that won't come off.

September 19th, Third Day.

Such a bevy of maidens! Now isn't it queer;
Ah, no, it is nearing the end of leap year.

September 20th, Opening Social.

Music, Laughter, Color, Joy
For each girl and for each boy.
Friendship new with friendship old
Vying ere the cup grows cold.

September 21st, The Song of Songs.

Marching once again we sing.
"They're old ones, They're old ones on Biz."
Loudly make the welkin ring,
"They like it, they like it on Biz."
As we've sung so oft before
Marching on the Corridor,
"On Biz, on Biz, on Biz, on Biz,
They're old ones, they're old ones on Biz."

Sept. 22nd, In The Old Meeting House.

Where Alexander Campbell's feet have trod,
Where Alexander Campbell's voice rang clear,
Proclaiming Gospel truth in former years,
We stand today, and worship Campbell's God.

September 24th, The Scrap of Scraps.

Such a drubbing, oh my, oh!
How he stands it, I don't know,
Annually, with satire keen
President lambasts Nick O'Tine.

Sept. 25th, Humor.

Who says that Freshies have no fun?
They've learned to say, "Vun-ninety-vun."

September 27th, Y. M. C. A.

Young men, we plead that far
From our ranks you shall not stray,
For we are, we are, we are,
The College Y. M. C. A.

Sept. 28th, How It Acts.

Freshmen, wide-mouthed and alert,
Soph'mores grin from ear to ear,
Junior looks a little hurt,
Senior tries to shed a tear,
What such interest affords?
Billy Miller holds the boards.

September 30th, Rough House.

Evidently Nicholson intends to remain
On the banks of the old Buffalo.
What though an eye see not so plain,
As it did before the scuffle, O?

October 2nd, A Selection.

Oh, Class of Nineteen-Ten plus Three,
Rejoice to know thy dignity
Forever and a day thou hast assured;
For with Ernest Hunter Wray
As president, thou canst not stray
From the path of rectitude allured.

October 3rd, Nothing Like It.

C. E. Rostofer decries
Moody Edwards has been wise,
So he Gat, sir, o'er the way
Where the aunt and SISTER stay.

October 4th, Stag Social.

With laughter and song, and abundance of dog
Heated and seasoned and placed upon buns,
Sufficient to satisfy even a hog,
The Y. M. C. A. for new members guns.

October 5th, Experiment.

For the benefit of the Psychology Class,
Bill Shuttleworth eats garden sass.

October 6th, Soc et Tuum.

"Prohibition doesn't prohibit"
Parrot-like the Wets still cry.
But from Hare's most plain exhibit
West Virginia's going dry.

*October 7th, Anent Miss Cunningham's
Some Rusty and Broken Saws*

Myrle, spare those saws,
Touch not a single one,
For years they've been our laws,
No subject they for pun.

You say they're rusty? Yes.
And broken, too? We know.
And yet you must confess
They even dearer grow.

So let us still proclaim
That honesty is best
As policy, and blame
Us not if we attest.

That one bird in the hand
Is worth the bush's two;
Or bad beginning's planned
With ending good in view.

October 8th, A Chance

Hiram's preacher, John E. Pounds,
With his good wife, makes the rounds,
Right glad upon historic scenes to glance.
In chapel he congratulates
Us on the good cards which the fates
Have dealt us in life's game of chance.

October 9th, The Vote.

The die is cast, so be it; 'Tis the lot
Of other buildings round which memories cling;
Sacred as those, O Church, which cling round thee.
Be thou content. Remember, on this spot
A fairer structure far shall rise, to bring
To thousands yet unborn the life of victory.

October 10th. Another Saw.

Students, you must join a Lit.
Else you never will be fit
For aught in life.
Secretaries, bring to me
Names of members, and I'll see—
Chorus,
Get the knife.

October 13. A Big Sermon

Big in body, big in mind,
Big in love for human kind,
Professor Taylor can't but preach
Sermons big, of lofty reach. .

October 15th. Ministerial Association

Ended is the summer's work
Its defeats and victories,
And for all who did not shirk
There are blessed memories,
Which to now recall and tell
Each to all as they befell
Is a joy, Oh, Brethren all,
Who have heard the Master's call.

October 16th. Queer.

"He that hath the bridegroom is the bride,"
From Pryor sounds suspicious, Can it be
That red-head's contemplating secretly
On matrimonial seas to take a ride?

October 17th. Good Advice, Fergy.

" 'Twas so dry, Professor Finley,
That I really couldn't get it"
"May be so, no doubt it needed
That with lamp-oil you should wet it."

October 18th. Do You Believe This?

"I can't hear you, Mr. Horn,"
Sharply speaketh Mrs. Bourne,
"Will you kindly take your feet
From your mouth, and with a sweet
Smile relate, as truth demands,
How many of poetic hands
Are contained in this line,
'Weary Willie Pays his fine?' "

October 19th. Grandpa Has a Visitor.

"Come in, take a chair, this pleasure is one
Which I did not anticipate.

Mrs. Smith, you look fine, though of that my grandson
Has kept me informed of late.
Sit down, won't you, please? 'Twill be pleasant, I know,
To sit and to chat for a while.
I beg, Mrs. Smith, while moments fast go
To bask in your sunny smile."

October 21st. Quesenbury's Song.

"Into the heart of Joy
Worming my way,
My, what a lucky boy
I am today.

"While in the heart of Joy
My place I keep,
Naught can my peace destroy,
Naught make me weep."

October 23rd. Home Again.

The Louisville convention has ended,
And back to the village which lies
On old Buffalo's banks,
The one who so long has befriended
The College, all hastily hies
To see that no pranks
Are performed by those whom he rules.
With grace once again he presides
O'er Corridor, Campus, and walk,
In halls and in town.
The course of our life he so guides
By the sway of omnipotent talk
Which has won him renown,
As to make his high among schools.

There may be noted, incidentally,
A full attendance of the Faculty.

October 24th. An Autumn Tragedy.

Prof. Workman (seeing a broken window pane in his class room),
"Five hundred pounds of pressure is too much, you must admit
For window-panes in Bethany to bear.
No wonder you shiver with discomfort as you sit
In a draft of keen and biting Autumn air.
I wish you would remember
That it's pretty near November,
And if a window you manipulate,
Be careful and go slow
Lest again you should bestow
Upon the class this cold and cruel fate."

L'ENVOI.

The above we'd fain address
To Professor Hein, M. S.—The Class.

October 26th. 47-0 (Wesleyan)

Oh, Woe, Woe, and Blooie, too.
What's a football fan to do?
Forty-seven to the wrong,
Let us sing the bottle song.

Chorus.

Forty-seven blue bottles a-hanging on the wall,
Forty-seven blue bottles a-hanging on the wall,
No matter how we try to knock 'em from the wall,
Still, there's forty-seven blue bottles a-hanging on the wall.

October 30th. As Usual.

"Oh, what is worth doing is worth doing well,"
Quotes Wray, "So the Biz rules I'll calmly defy."
He did. Is there need that the poet should tell
In full the story of all that befell
This Bizite so bold? The story is old.
'Tis off again, on again, President is nigh.

November 3rd. Introducing Brother Morgan.

Pennsylvania's loss is West Virginia's gain.
Brother Morgan comes from Johnstown to proclaim
Glad tidings which he knows in Bethany as well
As elsewhere has power to save men's souls from—Destruction.

November 7th. BAA.

Professors, students, do not make
Sheep-tracks 'cross the Campus fair;
Henceforth, for your own sweet sake,
Use the walks with proper care;
Follow the example set
By Professor Moos, as yet.

November 12th. Senior Banquet.

How dear to our hearts when we've gone from old Beth'ny
This night with its pleasures will seem in our sight.
The oysters, the chicken, the ice cream, the coffee,
With low conversation, served exactly right.
The well-laden table, the bright crowd around it,
The jocular words that continually flowed,
The toasts and the humor with which they abounded,
What seed of enjoyment tonight we have sowed.

November 16th. Heard On The Corridor.

Did you ever notice this,
When a fellow steals a kiss—
From a righteous little maiden, calm and meek,
How her Scripture training shows
In not turning up her nose
But in simply turning 'round the other cheek?

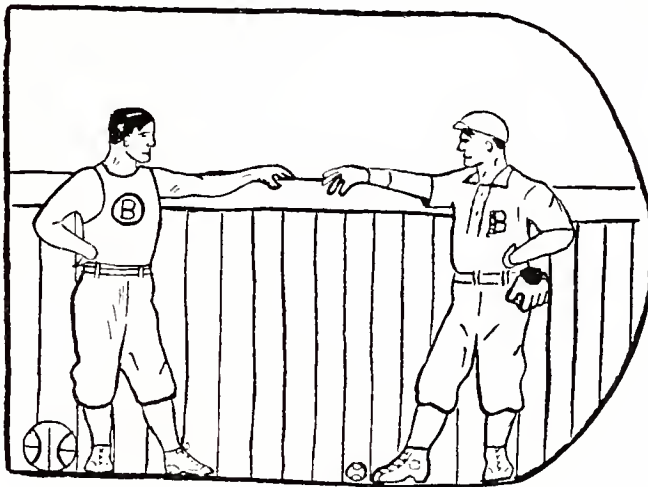
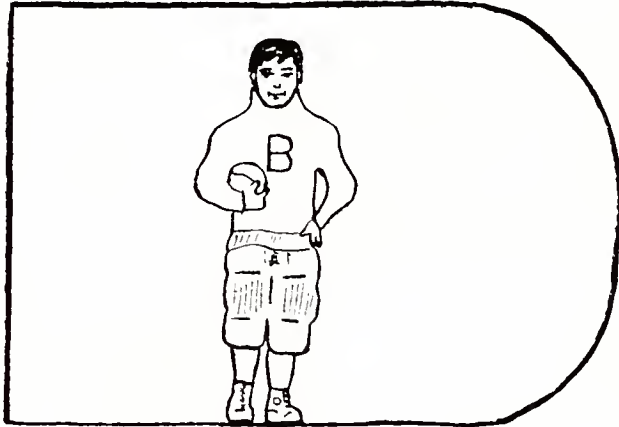
November 19th. Every Day.

We'll bring now Miss Rother beforris
To add to this notable Chorriss.
Don't try to seek
A date, for this meek
Miss Rother would rother have Morris.

November 20th. Why He Went.

Joseph to see and the pyramids tall,
Jacob to Egypt went down.
Ellison declared, and the laughter of all
Brought to his face a dark frown.





-EGB

Officers of the Athletic Association

President	PROFESSOR WORKMAN
Secretary	W. S. SHUTTLEWORTH
Treasurer	PROFESSOR WEBBER
	PROFESSOR GAY. ROBERT HUESTON

WEARERS OF THE BETHANY "B."

DON ALLEN, F.	PARK PEARSON, F.
W. B. BUTLER, BB	STAUNTON PERKINS, F.
(Man.)	ERRETT RODGERS, F. B.
R. D. BECK, B, BB, F.	O. A. RODEFER, F, (Man.)
H. A. BLANNING, B. F.	C. P. SHROPSHIRE, F. BB.
JOHN BURGAN, B.	W. S. SHUTTLEWORTH, F,
R. L. CHESTNUT, F.	B. BB.
W. A. COPE, B. F.	JOHN SMITH, F. B. BB.
V. T. GRIMES, F. BB.	SAMUEL TAYLOR, BB.
C. D. HELMICK, F.	W. E. WELLS, F. BB.
E. E. HARMON, B, BB, F.	R. C. WILKN, BB.
ROBERT HUESTON,	J. B. WEBSTER, F.
B. (Man.)	CLYDE WATSON, B.
RUFUS HORNE, F.	

Athletics

Bethany college for the past two years has been rapidly advancing in her educational system. A year ago an Agricultural department was added; the Scientific department is making gigantic strides toward the University type; the lecture room is slowly replacing the recitation room, and the faculty has been strengthened by the acquisition of men who have great reputations in the departments which they represent. With all these improvements, the prospect for higher and better education at Bethany was never more promising.

But while these changes were taking place, Bethany was winning a place of prominence on the athletic field. In the Spring she defeated Pitt, Duquesne University, Franklin, and among the less important games were the two annual drubbings given the

West Liberty Normal nine. The following fall she defeated both Westminster and Marietta Colleges, feats never before accomplished in the history of the school.

Bethany has, during the last few years, been severely handicapped in her athletics. The Faculty passed rules which required every individual participating in intercollegiate athletics to be a bona fide student and to have at least a passing grade in all his studies. While this system is deemed the best by many, it no doubt hampers the possible athletic achievements which might be hers. She competes with the larger schools in this section of the country, few of which do not have at least some paid men, with the result that she must sometimes suffer ignominious defeat at the hands of these teams. Bethany has, in the past, had a great reputation in Athletics but each year Bethany's teams are compelled to face teams which are far their superiors on account of their large amount of material.

But the change in the system of athletic control has had several good effects; not only has it raised the standard of scholarship of those playing on the various teams, but it has placed Bethany in the good graces of institutions which have similar eligibility rules. It also promises to be a means of securing admittance to a certain intercollegiate conference. This would produce a very desirable effect as it would help managers to arrange their schedules, which has in the past been a most difficult task. With this relationship sufficient games could be secured without trouble.

Bethany in the last two years has added several finely equipped buildings to her Campus, but as yet we have heard no definite plans as to a gymnasium and athletic field, which beyond doubt are necessities if Bethany would continue her athletics. A new gymnasium and athletic field would mean more students in her classic halls. Then this would mean more athletic material with which to place Bethany's athletic reputation on a plane equal to that of many other well-reputed colleges.

FOOT BALL



Football Season 1912

On Monday, Sept. 18th, the first football practice of the year was held. With seven veterans in line and a number of last year's scrubs to pick from, besides several new men, prospects looked very bright. The first few days' practice was under the direction of Captain Smith as our coach, Dr. Harry Smith of Western Reserve had not yet arrived. But about the first of the next week Doc was looking the boys over and had them practice catching punts and falling on the ball. Each afternoon showed the result of the previous day's practice and in another week we played our first game of the season and one of the hardest of the year with Hiram. The team's defensive work was fine but a trick play netted the visitors the only touchdown of the game and the score ended 7-0 against us.

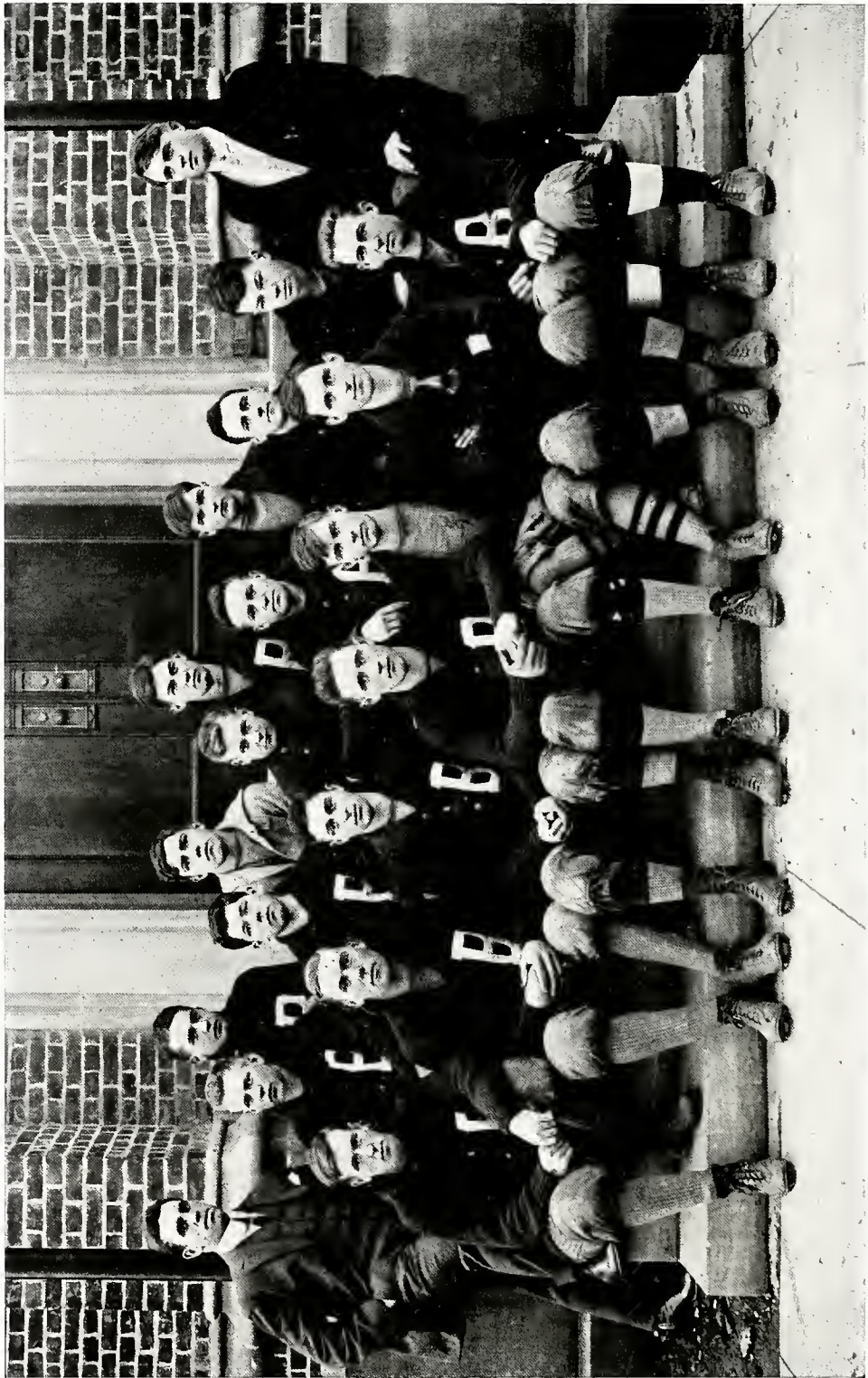
Two weeks later the boys took revenge for their first defeat by walloping Marietta by a score of 6-0. This is the first time in our history that we defeated Marietta in football.

The following week the boys felt that nothing could stop them and they journeyed to New Wilmington where they defeated the Westminster team, thereby accomplishing another feat never performed by our football teams. But during the next week's practice several of our men were badly injured and when we came to play Wesleyan for the State championship our team was in poor condition and weakened by the loss of men. We lost the game by a score of 47-0 in one of the foulest games in which a Bethany team ever participated.

Before a large crowd of Bethany alumni we lost to Carnegie Tech., 14-6 in a game where both sides' playing featured. The first half ended with the score 6-0 in our favor, but two of our half-backs were badly injured, and in the second half Tech. scored 14 points.

Next we lost to Morris-Harvey at Huntington by a 14-6 score, and on the following Saturday defeated Fairmont State Normal 21-9.

Bethany closed the season with a severe drubbing at the hands of W. & J., but with our opponent's strong team we did not look for anything other than defeat. This proved the grand finale for a favorable season on the gridiron. Here's to future success.



COACH SMITH.—We consider ourselves very fortunate in securing "Doc" to lead our forces again in 1912. Doc is a hard worker and any who realize the difficulties under which he worked, will appreciate his sterling work here. For two years he was a member of the All-Ohio football team, and what he don't know about the game is very little. We regret that "Doc" will not be back to coach again next fall, but as he has taken unto himself a wife, we feel that a great part of his time will be occupied in an equally important sphere.

CAPTAIN SMITH.—"John" was one of the stars of this season and well deserves his place as full-back on the All-West-Virginia eleven. His strong point was line-plunging, where he picked his holes instinctively. John's low running was poison to tacklers and he never lacked in speed. He weighs 168 pounds. He is a junior and has another year on the team.

MANAGER RODEFER.—"Pete" filled a hard place well when he took up the managerial duties this fall. In a financial way, the team was a success. Pete was a good "papa" to the team, and all the boys usually got what they wanted and always what they needed. "Pete" leaves us this spring.



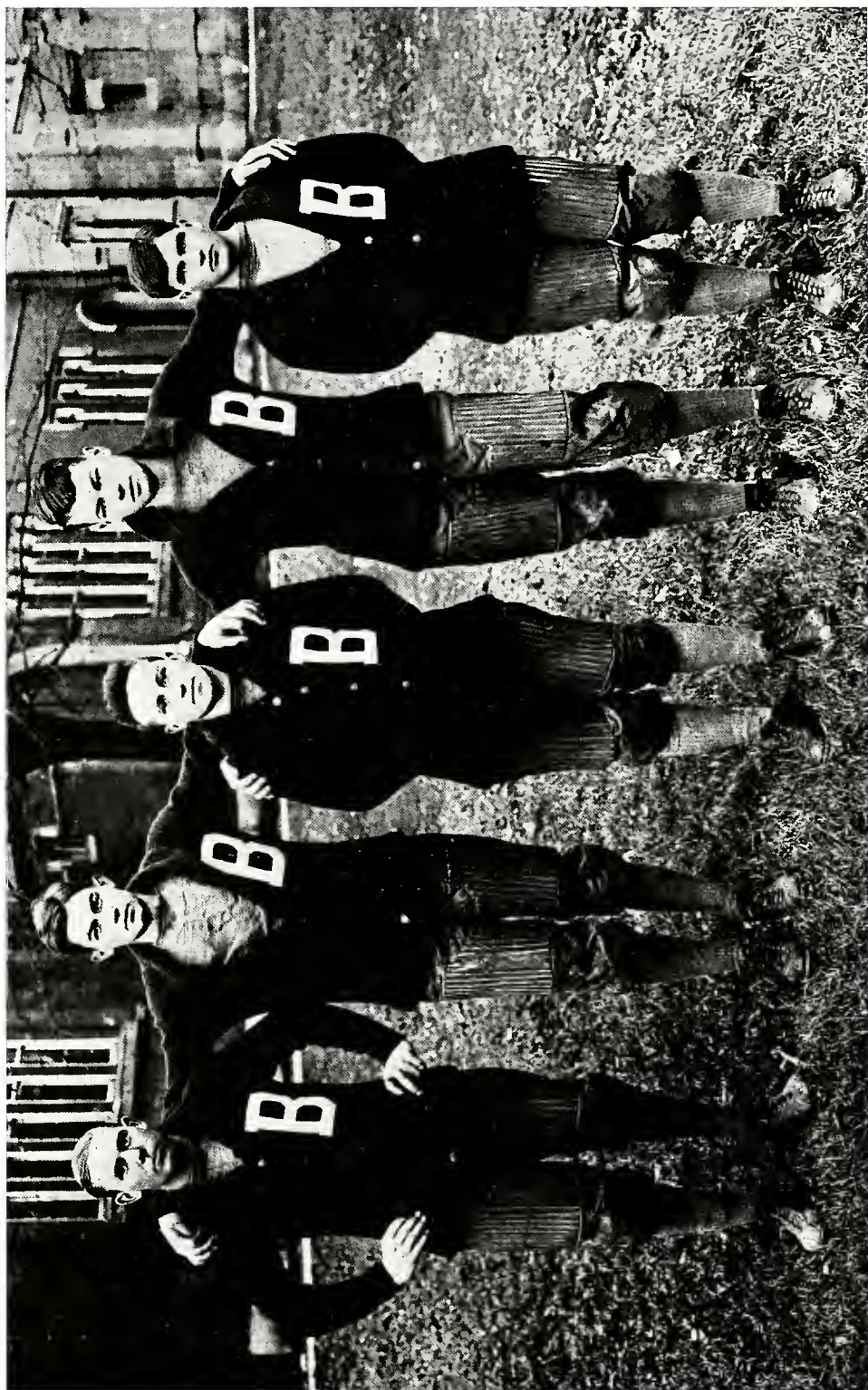
GRIMES—"Grimer" is an old Claysville High basket ball star, and he made his gridiron debut at Bethany. He is strong as a lion, cool-headed and has lots of "pep." With the exception of a few head-raps, we'll say he had a good season. Weight, 175 pounds. He has three more seasons as he's only a Freshman.

HARMON—"Dodo" has the reputation of being the best tackler on the team. He also can show most of the boys how to fall on the ball. His nailing of forward passes was brilliant all year. He has played every minute of every game in the last two years. Weight, 180 pounds. Height, 6 feet, 2 inches. He is a senior but we look for him back as a faculty member.

WELLS—"Pud" played the pivot position. Much of a team's success in this day depends on its center. "The Kink" never balled up the signals he had to know, and his passes were fine. He started the season as half-back, and was great on taking out interference. The "King" weighs 185 and is 5 feet 9 inches tall. He graduates this year.

WEBSTER—"Spig" is the big man of the team in size. The handsome big tackle was always in the game, and a "stoved" finger is the extent of his injuries in two years. He well deserved the election to the Captancy for 1913. He stands 6 feet 4 inches, weighs 212. A sophomore in college.

ROGERS—"Rat" is one of those exceptional big men who are fast. He holds down the right guard position and we consider him one of the stars of the team. He was deservedly given a place on the All-West-Virginia team, as he starred in every game. He stands 5 feet 9 inches tall and weighs 210 pounds. He has another year to play.

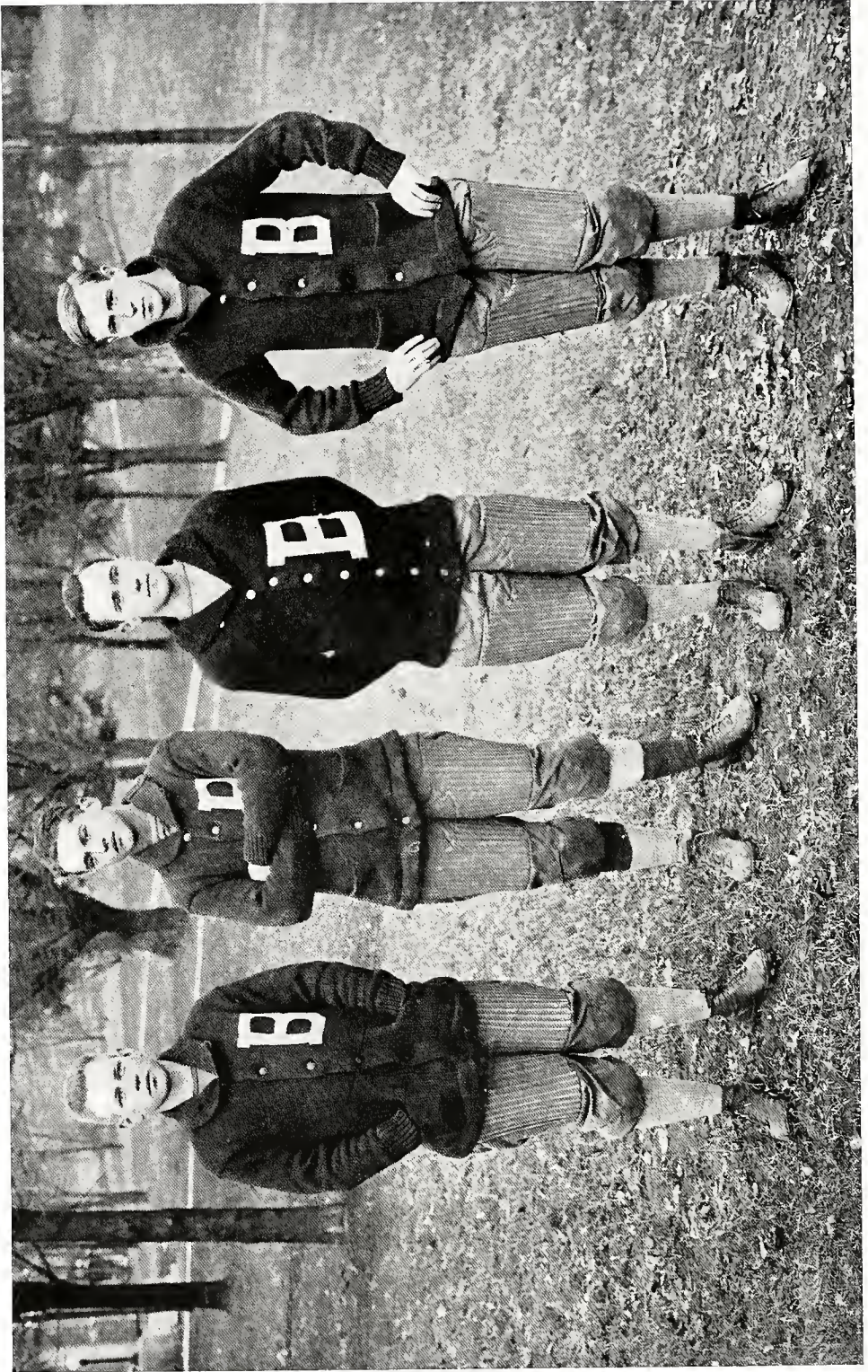


ALLEN—"Red" played his first year of varsity ball this year and was a valuable utility man. He filled in at half-back, fullback, and end, and each time did himself justice. He stands 5 feet 8 inches and weighs 162. He has three more years to play.

HORNE—"Rufe" came to Bethany as a lineman but was changed to halfback and then to end. He played in most of the games and was a valuable man in any position. Weight, 170, stands 5 feet 10 inches. Is a Freshman.

BLANNING—"Blanche" has played for several years on the varsity and his regular position is left end, although he played at half-back a larger part of the past season. Injuries kept him out of several games this fall. Blanche is one of the light men on the team, weighing 147 and stands 5 feet 8 inches. He is a junior in College.

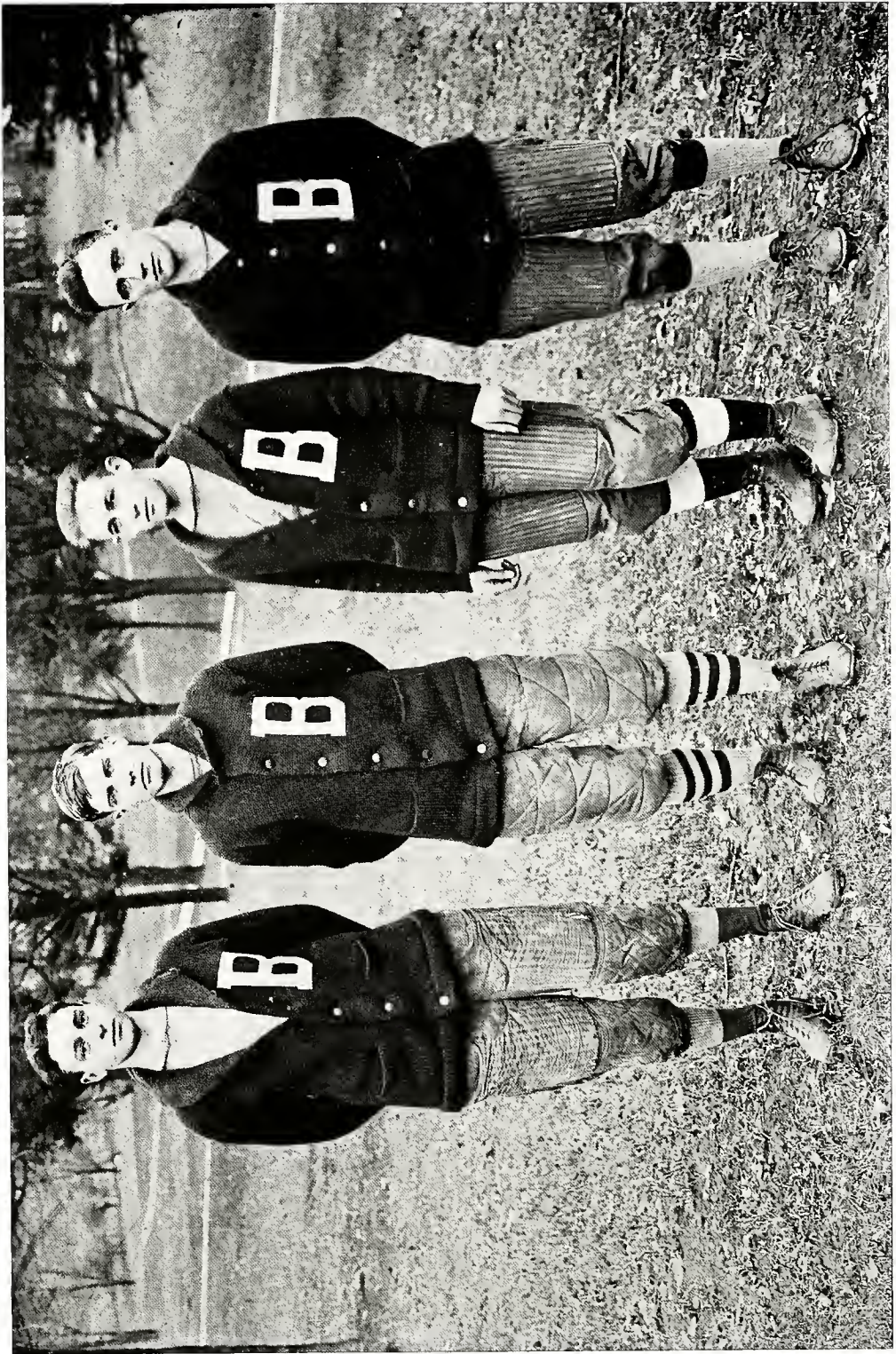
COPE—"Copey" is a small man but that is no indication of his value to the team. His stronghold was taking passes. He played many games when unfit physically and always gave the team his best. Copey is an end, weighing 147 pounds, and standing 5 feet 8 inches. He graduates this year.



PEARSON—"Park" didn't remain a member of the scrubs very long, but was soon holding down a position at half-back. He is fast and is a good ground-gainer, and usually tackles hard. He stands 6 feet and weighs 164 pounds. A Freshman in College.

SHUTTLEWORTH—"Bill" is a former captain, but that did not change his playing any. His strong point is his generalship, and as a quarterback we find few equals in these parts. He is a ten-second man and his long end runs have featured many games. "Bill's" straight arm on end runs was a terror to tacklers. He stands 5 feet 9 inches, and weighs 152 pounds. He graduates this year.

BECK—"Lefty's" football ability was not recognized till this year, but now we realize his ability as a half-back. He is heavy and reasonably fast and can run back punts in good shape. He weighs 180 pounds and stands 5 feet 10 inches. He is a sophomore.

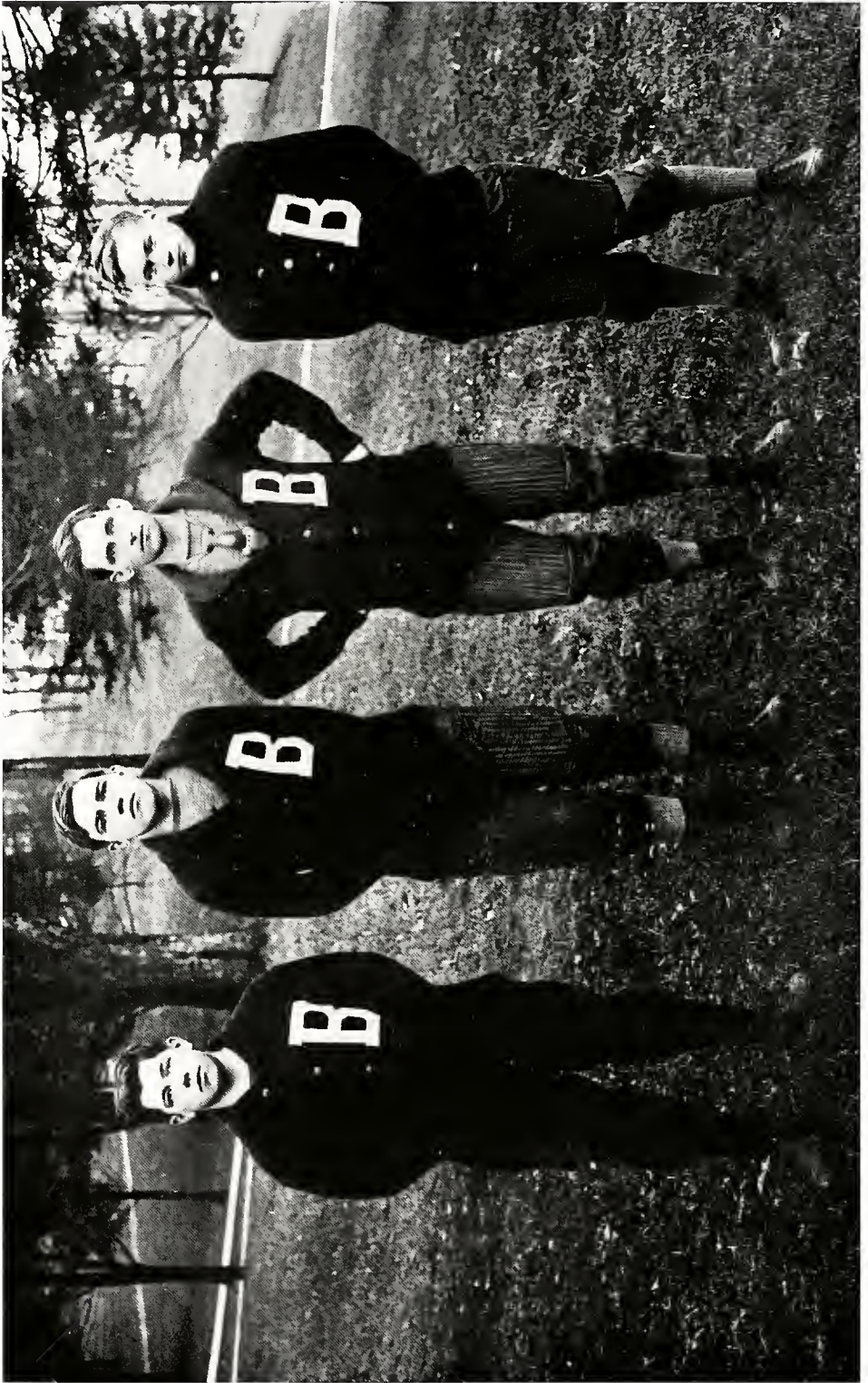


HELMICK—"Fat" is a product of New Philadelphia High and showed much experience as a lineman. He played at center, guard and tackle, and always held his own. He will be a valuable man next year. He stands 5 feet 6½ inches and weighs 175 pounds. He is a freshman.

PERKINS—"Cy" showed up best at a guard position and did well. This is his first year in football and he earned his "B." He stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 180 pounds. This is his first year in College.

CHESTNUT—This man was not discovered until the season was about half over and then he showed up with a vengeance. His strong point was making holes in the opponents' defense. He stands 5 feet 10 inches and weighs 155 pounds. He will probably play guard for three more years.

SHROPSHIRE—"Shrop" played at quarter, half, and end, but this year was out of the game quite often on account of a bum ankle. He's a valuable man as he fits in at almost any position. Shrop stands 5 feet 10 inches tall, and weighs 154 pounds. He is a freshman.



The Season's Scores---1912

AT	BETHANY	OPPONENTS
Bethany	0	Hiram 7
Bethany	6	Marietta 0
Westminster	6	Westminster 0
Sistersville	0	W. Va. Wesleyan 42
Pittsburg	6	Tech. 14
Huntington	6	Morris Harvey 17
Fairmont	21	Normal 9
Washington	0	W. and J. 67



Basket Ball 1913

W. D. BUTLER, Manager.

W. E. WELLS, Captain

LINE-UP.

BECK	Right Forward
SMITH-RODGERS	Left Forward
SHUTTLEWORTH-HARMON	Center
WELLS	Right Guard
WILKIN, GRIMES	Left Guard

The team of 1913 closed a fairly successful season by just about breaking even on the schedule. The team started out very well by nearly doubling the score on Wheeling Y. M. C. A. They then went to Marietta and trimmed that team on its own floor by a score of twenty to nineteen. The team played Slippery Rock Normal and Grove City on the same afternoon and the team being tired out, was defeated in both contests. The team was defeated at Muskingum by the largest score of the year, and then avenged this defeat by winning from West Lafayette by a score of 70-12. At Hiram the team seemed bound to win, when Beck had his eye badly injured, and it was necessary to use a sub. The injury to his eye was serious, as it caused total blindness in the injured member and thereby cut short his promising athletic career. The team was later defeated by Tech, both away and on its own floor; but the defeat at Muskingum was wiped out when we defeated that team on our own floor 26-24. We closed the season with a defeat at the hands of W. Va. Wesleyan.

The team played good ball and we are justly proud of them.

WELLS—Captain "Pud" was right on the job and his man scored few baskets on him. "The King" could also drop them through the ring occasionally and was always much in evidence when it came to shooting fouls. His absence will be greatly felt next season.

BECK—As a forward "Lefty" was big, but as fast as any man on the team. He was a sure passer and handled the ball with great ease. He was one of the best we ever had at forward and we all deplore his serious injury, as it keeps him out of basket ball for all time.

RODGERS—At forward was always there when it came to scoring. He was new at the game, but developed rapidly. Judging from this year's progress he certainly will be a star next year.

SMITH—"Bullet" could play either guard or forward and never seemed out of place. He was a close guard, a terror to opposing forwards. As forward he played the whole floor and shot with great accuracy.

SHUTTLEWORTH—At center played the floor most of the time, yet had as many baskets as the forwards. "Bill" was small, but he usually got the jump on the opposing centers. His place will be hard to fill next year.

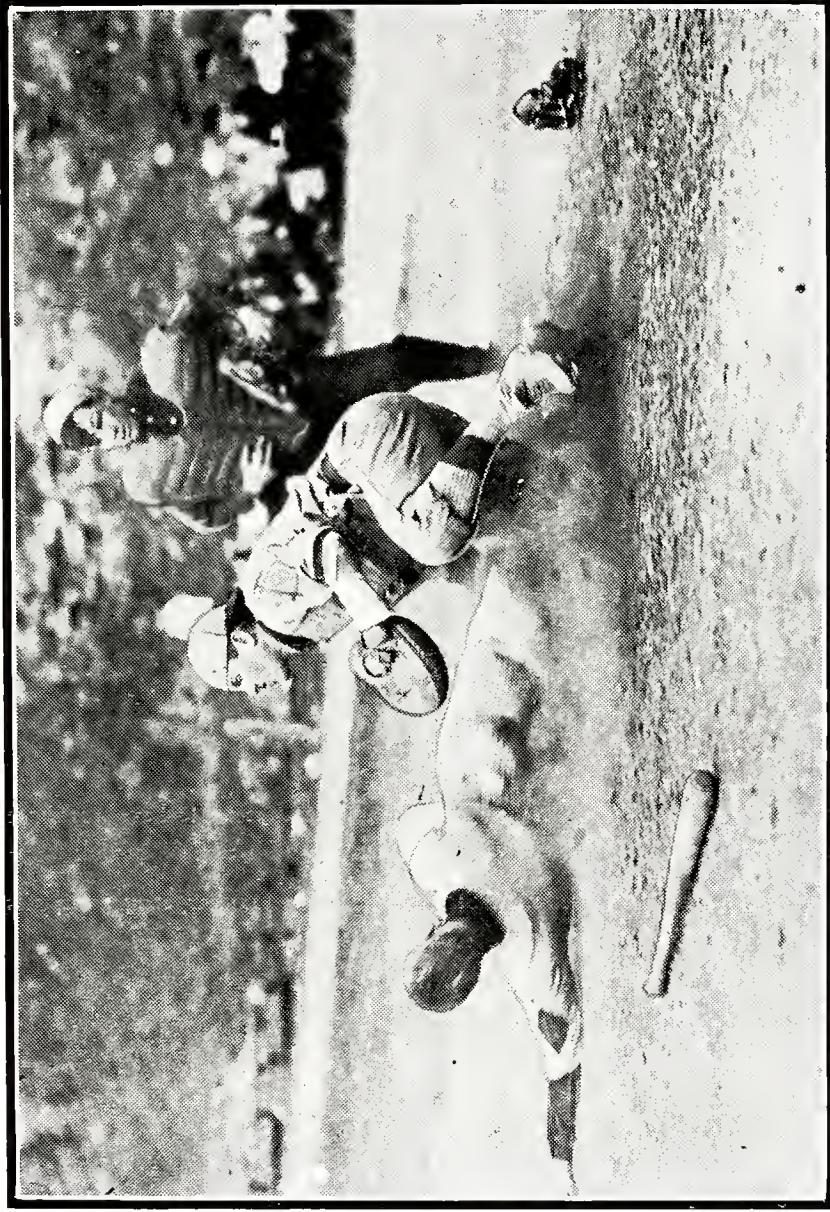
WILKIN—"Bob" played a fast game as guard. His great forte was his ability to break up pass work and get possession of the ball. He had a good eye for the basket, which makes him a man to be counted on next year.

HARMON—"Dodo" tho' placed at center could play a star game at guard or forward. He was not the fastest man on the team by any means, but he was conceded to be the best shot in the bunch. His place as a utility man will be hard to fill.

GRIMES—"Poush" played good basket ball all year, but showed his form late. He was out of the game for several years, and was some time in getting into shape. We expect big things from him next year.







AT TECH.
Burgan catches Kirk at home.

Courtesy of The Gazette Times



Rodgers is playing his usually steady game at third and seems to have more speed than ever before. He is a large man but has the nimbleness of a man 30 pounds lighter.

Smith at first has again recovered his batting eye and we are expecting great things from him. Smith is a hard hitter and a clever baseman.

Ewing is a freshman and while light of stature handles the ball well.

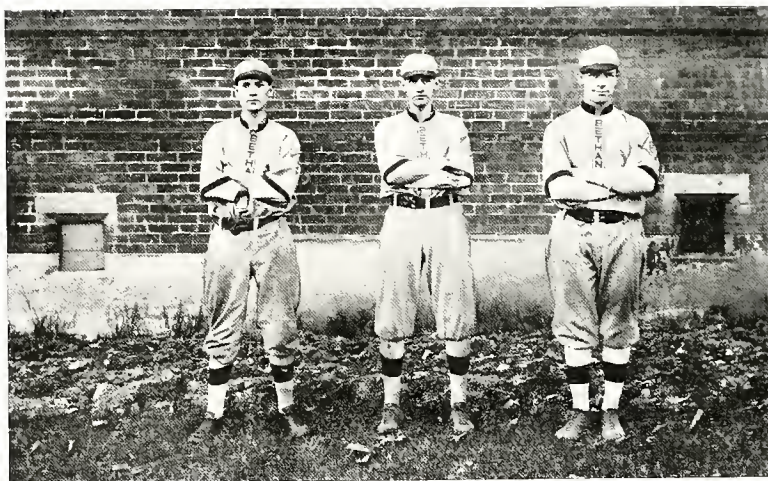


Bane is another new one who seems to have had previous experience in the game.

Crites is a long, rangy fielder who shows good stuff.

Grimes is getting the rough edges off fast and we predict that he will be a most valuable man in a year or two.

Doak is a new man on the team but has been playing around college for some time. This is his first year on the varsity but he bids fair to make a real slugger.



Long shows up well in the box and it will be up to him to do a large part of the twirling this year.

Burgon is again looking after his job behind the bat and there are very few college catchers in around these parts who show up the way "Speeder" does, afield and at bat.

Harris—"Dave" is our new star pitcher. He has all opposing batsmen on the jump.

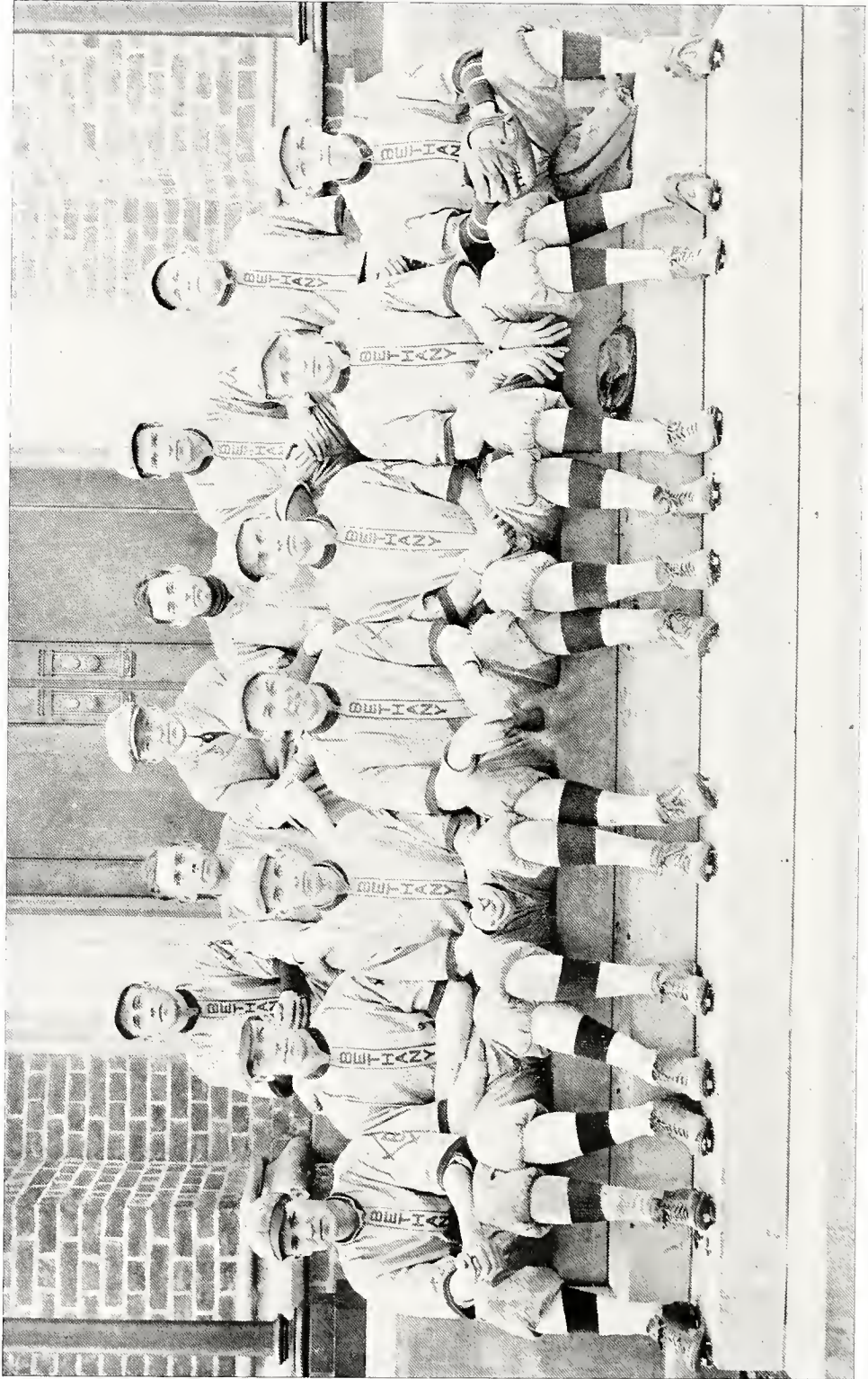


Captain Harmon continues to play the outfield and knows pretty well all the fine points of his department. He also has a "rep" for breaking up extra inning games.

Shuttleworth altho acting in the capacity of coach, alternates at the pitching and shortstop jobs and was as a valuable man in any position on the team.

Blanning is playing his usual game in the outfield and seems to have recovered his lost batting eye.

Wells is a most able manager and is doing well in looking after the needs of the boys when away from home. He is also some fungo hitter.



Baseball Schedule

April 19—West Liberty at Bethany.
April 24—Carnegie Tech at Pittsburg.
April 28—Pitt at Bethany.
April 30—W. & J. at Washington.
May 5—Duquesne University at Pittsburg.
May 6—Pitt at Pittsburg.
May 10—Franklin at Bethany.
May 12—West Liberty at West Liberty.
May 17—Muskingum at Muskingum.
May 19—Wesleyan at Buchanan.
May 20—Wesleyan at Buchanan.
May 21—Clarksburg at Clarksburg.
May 27—Latrobe at Latrobe.
May 28—St. Vincent at Beatty, Pa.
May 30—Slippery Rock (2 games) at Slippery Rock.
May 31—Vandergrift at Vandergrift.
June 3—Wesleyan at Bethany.
June 10—Pittsburg at Bethany.
June 11—Collegians at Bethany.
June 12—Alumni at Bethany.

That Chapel Speech

(After you, dear Patrick Henry.)

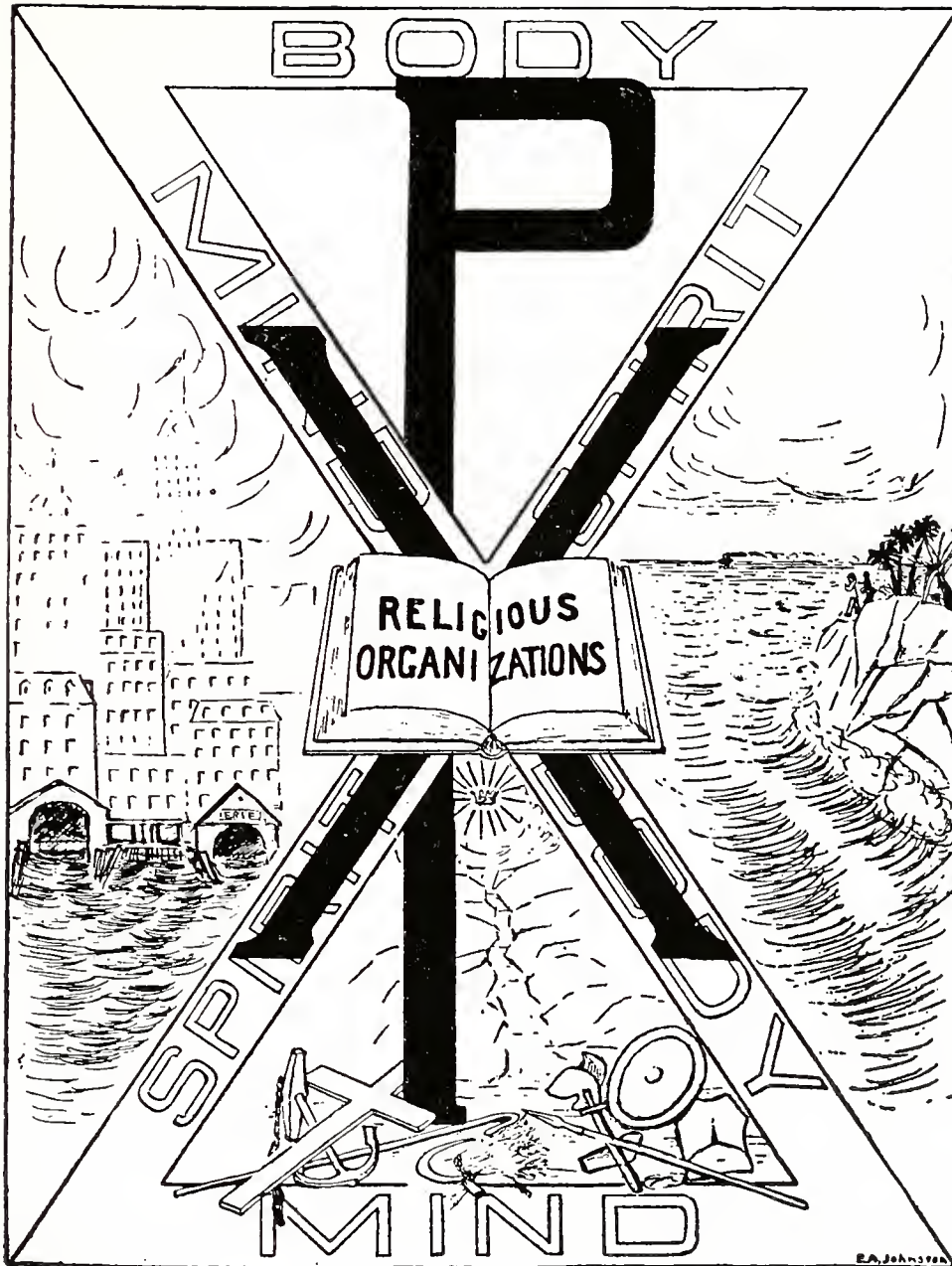
It is natural for speakers to indulge in the effusions of dope. We are apt to fasten our eyes upon the cheerful liar and listen to the song of the bluffer till he transforms us into prigs. Is this the part of students who are engaged in the great and arduous struggle to excel in the real things of College life; Frats, Lits, Athletics, Biz? Are we disposed to be among the number of those who, having hands smite not, having feet kick not, and having noses fail to smell the mouse and nip him in the bud? For my part, whatever anguish of mind it may cost, I am ready to expose the whole business, to muckrake the whole College, and to instruct you how to provide for a new era.

There is but one camp in which I fain would tarry, and that is the camp of obedience. Obedience not to another's subtle flattery, but to my own enlightened judgment. I have no way to judge the future but by the past, and judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the student body to justify the effusive phrases by which certain gentlemen have been pleased to blacken themselves in their endeavor to whitewash us. Shall we trust to that insidious smile that shines so benignantly from the Chapel rostrum? Trust it not! 'Tis but donned for one moment to be doffed the next. Suffer not yourselves to be excited by a smirk. Ask yourselves how this gracious approval of our noble countenances comports with the attitude of the sarcastic faculty and the frowning world.

Are smiles and posies indispensable to a speech of cut and dried reminiscences? Have we shown ourselves so anxious to be flattered that pleasing epithets must be showered upon us to hold our attention? Let us not deceive ourselves. These are the blandishments of verbose insincerity, the final resort of those who have nothing to say, and a million words with which to say it. I ask, fellow students, what means this flux of cloying sweetness if its purpose be not to hide a paucity of ideas? Can we assign any other possible motive for it? Have speakers any positive knowledge of the magnitude of our nobility and the multitude of our possibilities to call out all these excretions of sound lacking sense? Not by a jugfull! Not on your tintype! Oh, no, Sir. They are meant to tickle us, they can be meant for naught else. They are belched forth to grind and shovel into us the taffy which self-conceit has long been pulling.

And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Alas, one must ever answer a fool according to his folly. Shall we hit 'em with a shillalah? 'Twould be our luck to find it transformed into a boomerang. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we use that shall move them from this predetermined course?

Let us not, I beseech you, allow ourselves to be blarneyed any longer. Let us do everything that can be done to ward off these catastrophies that fall upon us whenever we see a professor walking toward the rear of the Chapel hall with a smile of welcome and an outstretched hand. We will petition, we will remonstrate, we will supplicate, we will even prostrate ourselves at the throne and implore King Thomas the First to extend his sceptre and save us from the tyrannical tones of ex-students, returned graduates, would-be graduates, never-could-be graduates, and some-day-hope-to-be-Yale graduates. And if our petitions are slighted, if our remonstrances but produce additional soft soap, if our supplications are disregarded, if we are spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne, then in vain may we indulge in the hope of unmolested Chapel services. There can be no longer any room for the hope of peace. If we wish to be free from these intolerable bores, if we mean to preserve inviolate the inestimable privileges that of right belong to us, if we mean not basely to submit to the rulings of the powers that be, we must strike! I repeat it, we must strike! An appeal to the boycott is all there is left to us.



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NELLE DALLAS	EVA MORLAN	LYREL TEAGARDEN
MARY EWING	ELIZABETH MORGAN	MERLE TRUDEAU
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WILLIAM CALDWELL	EMMA ROTHER
MOODY EDWARDS	EDGAR SAUM
MRS. M. EDWARDS	A. C. SCOTT
SARAH MANSELL	W. B. SHARRAT
HARRY MARTIN	HARRY SCHULTHEIS
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J. A. LINVILLE	A. C. SCOTT	C. F. WHITE
J. H. LATHAM	H. B. SCHULTHEIS	W. S. SHUTTLEWORTH
	J. R. SLOAN	



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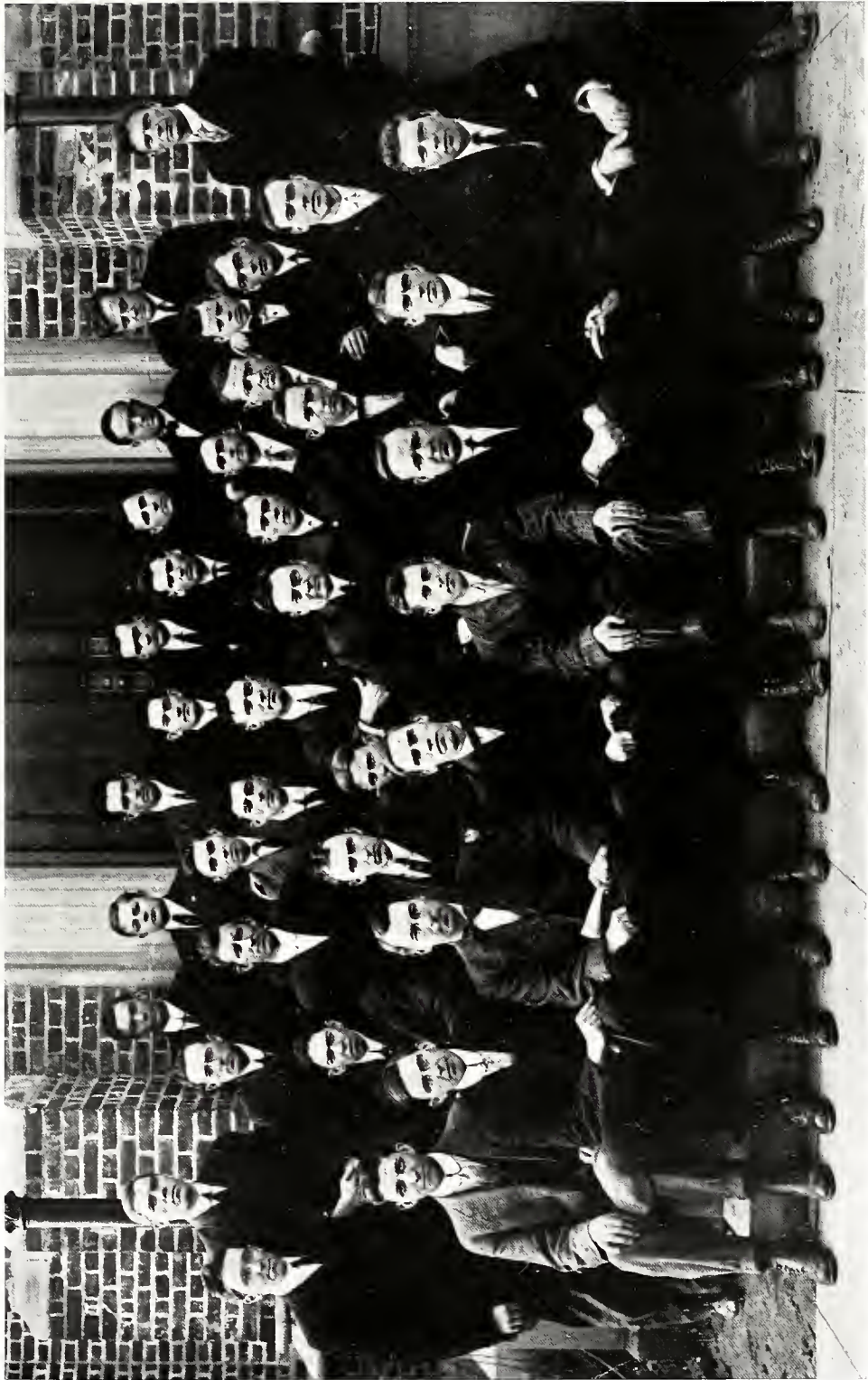
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PERCY THOMAS
E. H. WRAY





FRATERNITIES







Zeta Tau Alpha Fraternity

Founded at Farmville, Virginia, 1898.

Colors, Turquoise Blue and Steel Grey.

Flower, Double White Violet.

Theta Chapter, Established March 9, 1905.

PATRONESSES

MRS. A. R. BOURNE

MRS. A. C. WORKMAN

MRS. A. P. FINLEY

MRS. W. T. NICHOLS

CHAPTER ROLL

Seniors

EDNA McMASTER

LEE RAMSEY

MARY EWING

MARY PERRY

Freshmen

EDITH BAKER

MABEL BAKER

GRACE CRAWFORD

Special

Domestic Science

Juniors

ELIZABETH WILKIN

EDITH HUNTER

ROMAINE BELL

MYRLE CUNNINGHAM

DALE ROSS

HELENE BEAUMONT

BLANCHE SMITH

Pledges

RUTH BLOOM

LYREL TEAGARDEN

ELSIE ROYER

EVA MORLAN

MADELON MILLER

Sophomores

HAZEL PHILIPS

ELSIE WILSON





DESIGNED BY THE CHANCELLOR

Alpha Xi Delta Fraternity

Founded at Lombard College, 1893.

Colors, Dark Blue, Light Blue, and Gold.

Flower, Pink Rose.

Official Organ, Alpha Xi Delta Journal

Delta Chapter

Established 1903.

PATRONESSES

MRS. F. T. McEVOY

MRS. O. G. WHITE

MRS. SABINA LEWIS

CHAPTER ROLL

Soror in Facultate, EDITH ZOE MERCER

Seniors

VELMA RODEFER
VERNA ALPINE MERCER
MARGARET ELIZABETH HURT
GARDA BACHELL

Junior

JOSEPHINE SPECHT

Sophomores

ARABELLA BEDIA MARVIN
HELEN BAKER SMITH
ETHEL IRENE McMILLEN
ABIGAIL JANE LESNETT
HARRIETTE ALEXANDER
PAMELA Y'MORILL SCOTT

Freshmen

BARBARA HURT
MARTHA E. COX
MARGARET BRITTAIN
CAROLYN GORDON
MILDRED MERIWETHER

Pledges

JOY FRAZER TAYLOR
GRACE COFFMAN
ELIZABETH MORGAN





L. A. WRIGHT, PHILA.
2362



Sigma Nu Fraternity

Founded at Virginia Military Institute, 1869.

Colors, Black, White, and Gold.

Flower, White Rose.

CHAPTER ROLL

Seniors

E. H. WRAY
W. S. SHUTTLEWORTH
J. K. TENER
W. E. WELLS
E. E. HARMON

Juniors

H. A. BLANNING
R. M. BROOKES

Sophomores

J. H. BURGAN
J. B. WEBSTER

Freshmen

W. H. HUTCHISON
V. T. GRIMES
H. T. MOLDEN
J. C. GATES
C. D. HELMICK
R. B. METZNER
O. J. BROWN
H. H. RAMSEY
J. C. COLVIG
J. A. SELBY





2795

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity

Founded 1839, Miami University.

Colors, Pink and Blue.

Flower, American Beauty Rose.

Psi Chapter, 1860.

CHAPTER ROLL

Seniors

A. W. LINVILLE

Juniors

J. M. SMITH

R. D. BECK

F. H. SMITH

H. W. LINVILLE

A. E. BESANCON

Sophomores

V. H. CRITES

W. F. WILSON

J. A. LINVILLE

E. W. LAPE

Freshmen

J. B. HURT

J. D. EWING

J. C. McMILLIN

RUFUS HORNE





Kappa Alpha Fraternity

Founded 1865, Washington and Lee University.

Colors, Crimson and Old Gold.

Flowers, Red Rose and Magnolia.

Beta Beta Chapter, 1903.

CHAPTER ROLL

Seniors

JACOB W. MITCHELL
ONWARD RODEFER
ROY E. SIMMS

Juniors

HELMAS L. MILLER
ROBERT C. WILKIN

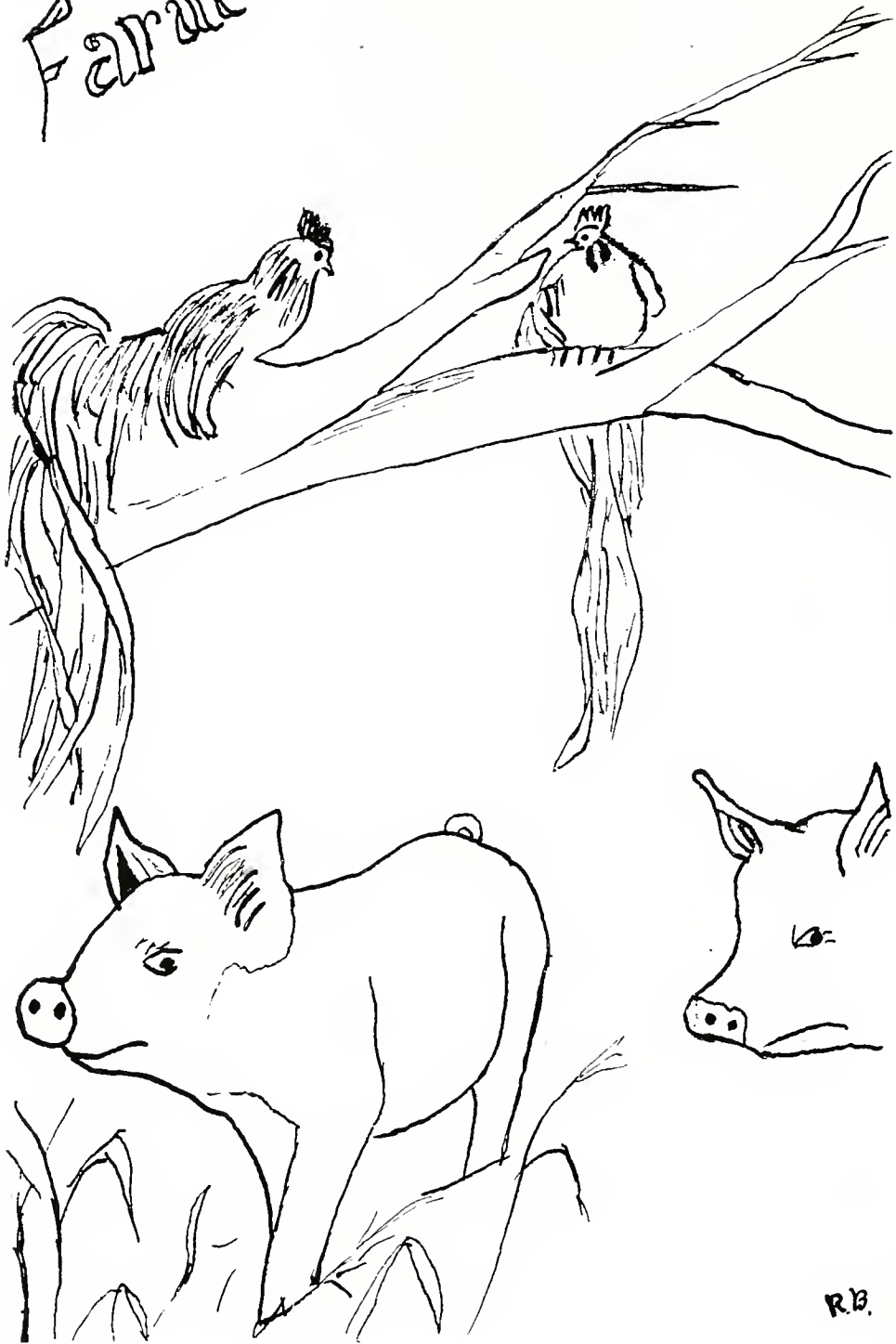
Sophomores

WILLIAM D. BUTLER
JAMES P. McMULLEN
JOHN O. MCNEELEY

Freshmen

ANDREW MCGINLEY
JOHN G. LONG
PARK W. PEARSON
MAYNARD L. PATTON
(Pledge)
JOHN W. WILKINSON

Faram



R.B.



The Agricultural Department

In accordance with the wishes of Alexander Campbell, as expressed in the charter of Bethany, at this late day the Agricultural Department was established and financed in the main, by Mr. Oglebay.

For a long time, he has had the project in mind, recognizing the need and many benefits of such work in the College. Recently his ideas crystallized in the form of a model farm and competent instruction in the school. Already these are approaching a finished form, and apparently neither time nor money are to be spared to make this one of the best schools of Agriculture in the country.

A farm in dilapidated condition was purchased, which was cleared up, and the first necessary lesson in farming given—that of making a worn-out farm pay. The land is steadily being improved, and scientific instruction is being given in the use of suitable fertilizers for each farming purpose. The orchard purchased with the farm has been gone over by the classes in horticulture, and pruned and put into shape. New trees have been purchased with the object of making exact studies of fruits suited to the locality. The farm was sowed with plants intended to improve the physical condition of the soil, and limestone added where needed. The opposition of neighboring farmers to the waste engendered by these methods of action has ceased since the reaping of the crops gained and increased by scientific management.

The next step taken was the erection of a round barn, generous in its proportions, which was also a complete innovation in this part of the country.

This structure has a silo 65 feet high in the center, with feed outlet at the base, making the feeding of cattle very convenient. On the first floor of the barn all the cattle are kept, the feeding and milking places arranged in a circle about the base of the silo, and beyond an open space, box stalls around the inside of the wall. On this floor, too, is the dairy room. Here are located the churns, separators, milk testing machines, bottle and can washers and all other apparatus of the milking department.

On the second floor, which extends to a height of nearly 50 feet, is a suite of four rooms for the care-taker, built in two stories. Beside this is a platform for judging contests underneath which are large feed-bins. The rest of this floor is devoted to the storage of hay, of which an enormous amount can be accommodated. The barn offers a remarkable illustration of the progress which modern farming is making. It is far more roomy than the old-style barn, and is more economical of construction.

Later, another farm was leased by the department, and the running of it has practically demonstrated to all the benefit of scientific management. From the first, it has been run at a greater profit than the former managers were able to make.

The new building, The Oglebay Agricultural Hall, has helped the work wonderfully. Its laboratories are the pride of the state, and equipped up-to-the-minute with all necessary appliances. Here Biology, Chemistry, Physics, Agricultural Chemistry and Physics are taught; and the Agricultural Club has its rooms in this building.

The Department has been placed in the hands of competent instructors, and under their guidance the work is going forward with a rush. Constantly new material is being added to the curriculum, making the Department ever more efficient.

The fine herd of cattle owned by the farm is now under Government inspection and supervision, and regular reports are being made to the Govern-



ment Department of Agriculture. Recently a government testing station has been established here, which will give prestige to the Farm.

So far, the past has been dealt with exclusively in this paper. Turning now to the future, it would be well perhaps to mention some of the things expected for the department.

It is persistently rumored that a Federal expert will be stationed in Bethany, to have charge of the surrounding districts, and to pay particular attention to the College Farm, which is already an important factor in the Panhandle Agricultural Club, an organization devoted to the interests of the up-to-date farms. The farm is now an object of peculiar interest to the surrounding territory, and it is hoped that it will become the show-place of the whole state in its line.



College Spirit

(In Memoriam)

"College" is from the Latin "Collegium" which means a corporation, a club, a collection; "spirit" is from "Spiritus" which signifies breath, air, wind. According to its derivation, therefore, College Spirit may be defined as a "corporation of breath," a "club of air," or a "collection of wind." If to our subject alone this definition could be applied, if, in other words, this characterization were sufficiently implicit and explicit, there would be no need of further explanation. But in order to differentiate properly and completely College Spirit from the blizzard, the tornado, the typhoon and other wind-jammers, it is essential that we examine thoroughly its peculiar properties, powers and peccabilities.

As to its scope, or field of action, College Spirit is confined chiefly to athletics, Literary societies, religious organizations, fraternities, sororities, "Biz" and other institutions of learning. In its manner it may be pathetic, sympathetic, ecstatic, esthetic, esoteric, or exoteric, according to the exigencies of the occasion. Here it is concrete, there it is abstract; at one time it is particular, at another general; now it is specific, again comprehensive. It is mental, it is physical, it is subjective, it is objective, it is spiritual, it is demoniacal. It is fraught with happiness and with misery, with joy and with sorrow, with laughter and with tears.

College Spirit is the peculiar property of no one individual or class of individuals. It animates not only the kindergarten prep, but the grass-hued Freshman; not only the domineering Soph, but the social Junior; not only the dignified Senior, but the reminiscent alumnus who delights to look back upon his College days. It suffices for one or two, for a half-dozen or for twelve, for a hundred or for a thousand. On the one hand, it leads the entire student body to make the welkin ring with "The Banks of the Old Buffalo," while on the other hand, it induces a small number of that body to parade the corridor to the strains of "On Biz." In the former case the College Spirit is proportional to the strength of the lungs of the participants, while in the latter it is proportional to the stick-to-it-iveness of the guilty pair.

The mission of College Spirit to the individual is determined largely by his peculiar likes, dislikes, talents, passions and powers. It places one at the head, another at the foot. It presents one with honor, another with disgrace. One receives a crown of popularity, another a midnight bath in the Buffalo. One stands in the presence of an admiring throng of fellow students, instructing them how to do it, another sits with bowed head during a special session of the Powers that Be and shamefacedly confesses just how it was done.

When a young preacher yells himself hoarse at Saturday afternoon's game and explains on Sunday to the sympathetic sheep of his little fold how he caught cold from sitting in the draft of a College recitation room—that's College Spirit.

When you Kick Kickero aside, and xend Xenophon a-flying, and liberate yourself from literature and take homeopathic doses of homiletics in order that you may be a factor in some celebration—that's College Spirit.

When you choke and sputter and cough and sneeze because of the fumes of pepper wafted up the stairway, don't get angry and whoop and jump and yell and threaten and curse. Remember, the boys must have some chance to display their College Spirit!

When you wake up in the night certain that all the Tom-cats in creation are practicing some classic masterpiece underneath your window, don't throw away any articles of your wearing apparel—you may need them on the morrow. It is only a few of your fellow-students (male, female, or both) who are taking advantage of an opportunity to rid themselves of a bit of superfluous College Spirit. And don't call them fools, for you may have an attack tomorrow or the day after, differing perhaps in kind, but not in degree.

When you roll in the mud of a March day, rushing and being rushed, choking and being choked, tying and being tied, and all for the sake of a few bits of ribbon attached to one of the topmost branches of a tall tree—what an entrancing manifestation of College Spirit.

But when you have a certain definite particular purpose and stick to it, when you devote time and talents to the attainment of your ideal, the god of your dreams—when you store your mind with literature, science, philosophy—think not thus to exemplify College Spirit. That's Foolishness.

YOU KNOW
THIS IS NOT
ALLOWED.
YOU ARE PUT OFF
"BIZ" FOR THE
REST OF THE
YEAR



"BIZ"

-EGB-

Contents

- I. Historical Sketch.
- II. Extracts Selected from Class Room and Laboratory Work.

I. HISTORICAL SKETCH.

The department of scientific Biz, which has scored so phenomenal a success in the first year of its history that plans are on foot for its enlargement, owes its existence to the following address delivered on the last evening of the Commencement season of Nineteen-Eleven by the present occupant of the Dan Cupid Chair of Scientific Biz.

THE SCIENCE OF BIZ.

I offer no apology for addressing you this evening on the time-honored subject of Biz. From the day in which Adam chose to relinquish the pleasures of Eden for the joy inherent in the prolongation of a Biz case; from the time that Jacob served seven years, years which for love's sake seemed but a few days, in order that he and Rachel might walk the corridor of life to the sweet strains of "On Biz"; the foremost place in the realm of art, confectionery, literature, ice-cream, life, and chewing gum has been held by Biz. True, it has not always nor in all places been called by the name it bears in Bethany, but as the poet has so fittingly remarked:

"What's in a name?

It's a Biz case all the same."

It is my desire and purpose tonight to prove myself a benefactor of Bizites present and prospective, in Bethany and elsewhere, by showing that Biz belongs not only among the realms aforementioned but also among the exact sciences. This age is preeminently scientific. While the fact that Biz has thus far escaped association with the scientific spirit of the times has caused no diminution in its practice—as is manifested by the Corridor and the Campus and the President's frequent talks about Biz—yet I feel that if through any efforts of mine Biz shall no longer be suffered to go on in the old, slipshod,

happy-go-lucky fashion, but that it be rather accelerated and enriched through conformity to scientific principles, not only will the interest in Biz be increased but that interest will be manifested in such a way that it shall no longer invoke the "unanimous decisions of the Faculty" in righteous indignation.

Doubtless all of you are familiar with some of the articles which have been published on the science of management. You know something of the wonderful results of the preaching and practicing of the gospel of efficiency. You are acquainted with its application to such vocations as shoveling, metal-cutting, machine-shop practice, brick laying, and pig iron handling. As soon as I had read a few of these articles, I began to wonder if a modification of the methods they enjoined might not produce a scientific management of Biz. I am bringing to you tonight a few of the assured results of my personal investigations in this direction. These investigations I have carried on throughout the College year. They have been the cause of much inconvenience to myself, stealing my time, and transforming me from a student of books into a student of other folks affairs. But in the light of the success which has crowned my efforts, I have been made greatly to rejoice. I am happy with a gladness commingled with no trace of regret. The names of those who have so kindly given me every possible assistance in my stupendous task are withheld at their owners' request, but may be disclosed confidentially to all who seek a private interview, provided they prove to my satisfaction that they are not actuated by a mere idle curiosity but by a sincere desire to receive instruction in the intricacies of the science of Biz.

Time forbids that I should tell with any fullness of detail the story of my labors and my plans for the future. I shall but endeavor to present at this hour the barest outline of my methods, my discoveries, and the practical application I am hoping to make in Bethany. My methods were simple, but painstaking and minute. During the space of three months I studied surreptitiously, and classified the many Biz cases which Bethany students had on hand. When I had them all catalogued to my satisfaction according to genus, species, degree, prominent characteristics, individual peculiarities, etc., I began to take the Bizites into my confidence, imploring them in the name of

progress and proficiency to assist me in my undertaking. Proud am I to be able to state that I met with but one refusal, and that was from a couple who were so wrapped up in each other that they did not give a rap for any one else. Having obtained such well-nigh unanimous co-operation, I spent the remainder of the school year making a most careful and detailed study of each individual Biz case. I procured accurate information in regard to height, weight, and health, kinds of food eaten, good and bad habits, age (the dear girls were so enthusiastic over it all that they did not hesitate to tell their age. It was not all sweet sixteen either, and most of them had been kissed), ancestry, home influences, business and social environment, etc., of each Bizite. I examined their Biz habits at length, and at first hand. I measured their steps. With the help of a stop-watch I timed their every movement. I paid strict attention to their style of walk and conversation. Each furtive glance, and each making of goo-goo eyes, as well as each holding of hands, each hug, each stolen osculation was duly recorded. On the campus, under the trees, along the walks, at the stairways, on the corridor, in the classrooms, at the Chapel entertainments—everywhere I pursued resolutely my quest, to the substantial gain of the book-store's note book sales.

The first part of my work is finished. The information which I craved is at hand. But there yet remains the harder task of comparing case with case, of striking happy mediums, and of figuring out accurate results in accord with all the principles of mathematics, philosophy, logic, rhetoric, ethics, physiology, psychology, and hermeneutics. However, however difficult the work may be, I shall persevere to the bitter end and I am confident that my disinterested philanthropy shall not go unrewarded.

Just as in other vocations and avocations of life the scientific management of Biz involves the following elements: Science, not rule of thumb; harmony, not discord; co-operation in contradistinction to individualism; maximum output in place of restricted output; and the development of each Bizite to his or her greatest efficiency and prosperity. By science I mean a well-rounded, thorough business system. By harmony I have reference to the relationship to The Powers That Be, of the Biz couples. In speaking of co-operation I anticipate the establishing of a department of Scientific Biz, to use one or more rooms in the new Oglebay Agricultural Hall. By the maximum output, efficiency, and

prosperity I am merely hinting at the fact that under scientific management not only will Biz cease to interfere with the other elements of College life but it will actually enrich them, rendering them more profitable and in every way more delightful.

During the ensuing year I shall prepare a text-book for the teaching of the new science, and touch our nation's blooming plutocrats for a sum of money sufficient for the endowment of a Chair of Scientific Biz. I shall not ask to be given the Professorship myself, but should the Trustees insist I promise, following the example of our beloved president, not to object with much strenuousity. The text-book will demonstrate to the tenth of a second how much time may be given to the pursuit of Biz without derogation to other interests. This will not be in simply a vague, general way, but will go into particulars and will be based on every quality, characteristic, etc., of the individual Bizite from Dan to Beersheba. It will explain, with profuse and beautiful illustrations, the Ethics, Peripatetics, and Conversatoricalities of Biz, with absolute adherence to exact science, and a guarantee of successful results. The book must of necessity be large, but it shall be made to sell at a rock-bottom price, since I realize that Biz is expensive even under scientific management.

* * * * *

How the plans mentioned in the above address were carried out in every particular is too well known to necessitate any further comment. Suffice it to say that Dr. Pryor's "Science of Biz" has had and has today an enormous sale, and that the Department of Scientific Biz is by far the most popular and the most proficient department in the College. The high character of the work that is being done by the Biz students may be seen by an examination of the following extracts:



II. EXTRACTS SELECTED FROM CLASS ROOM AND LABORATORY WORK.

I. BIZ, THREE TIMES, ONE RIGHT AFTER THE OTHER.

Biz, Biz, Biz.
On the Corridor long and see
How many words you can utter
Which are of meaning free.

Oh, well for the Biz-loving lass
If she walk circumspectly away;
Oh, well for old Bethany's name
That no visitor ever should say,
"I saw them under the trees
That grow on the Campus hill,
And oh, how they sat there hand in hand,
And their tongues they could not keep still."

Biz, Biz, Biz.
But do it so no one can claim
That the tender grace of the Bizite's love
Is to Bethany's lasting shame.

2. A FEW SHORT SWEETS.

How many go forth in the morning
To Biz from morning 'til night?
And rules are broken by soft words spoken
Which the Faculty call not right.

* * * * *

Ill fares the school throughout its days
Where rules accumulate and Biz decays.

* * * * *

The Bizless life is the driest and the worst.
'Tis ours to Biz or else be accurst.
Our Joys are measured by the time we spend
On Corridor and Campus with our Friend.

Let Prex do his worst, there are moments I ween
When the call of the Campus so temptingly green
Makes study indecent, and Biz such a joy
As none but old fogies would wish to destroy.
Long, long be the days while on Campus and walk
The youths and the maidens together may talk.
You may rail, you may rule against Biz as you will
But co-education will sanction it still.

* * * * *

In the Spring the buds and blossoms cover all the Campus trees.
In the Spring it seems professors are most difficult to please.
In the Spring co-education is the finest thing there is.
In the Spring the student's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Biz.

3. A SAMPLE OF BIZ ORATORY.

Take with me a retrospective journey through the realm of literature, even the great literature of bygone days. Neither pause until your minds rest upon the words of a wise man when he said: "There are three things which are too wonderful for me, yea, four which I know not. The way of an eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock; the way of a ship in the midst of the sea; and the way of a man with a maiden."

Today men of wealth are spending their gold; men of intellectual power are taxing their genius to the utmost, seeking to discover the way of the eagle in the air. It cannot be affirmed that complete success has crowned their efforts, yet they have attained unto a partial accomplishment of their purpose, so that the names of a goodly number of bird men have become well-known.

The way of a serpent upon a rock is hardly an interesting subject for discussion. The snake is a beast that fails to appeal to our aesthetic tastes, don't you know. True it is, nevertheless, that men have made a scientific study of the ophidian reptile and have learned to a large extent his way upon the rock.

The way of a ship in the midst of the sea is a matter of common knowledge. They who are ignorant thereof may study it at any time they desire.

The way of a man with a maiden is a great subject, and worthy withal of much investigation; but the real question, the real puzzle, which I desire to place before you at this time is not the way of the man with the maiden, but the way of the maiden with the man.

This is a problem which assumes many aspects, a problem that takes unto itself many names. Seeing it in its infancy, in its incipient stage, folks call it flirting. They find it taking a more serious form, incorporating itself into the very warp and woof of life, and they name it courting. Here in Bethany, no matter what may be its form, no matter what its aspect, it makes no difference at what stage of the game we find it, we call it Biz.

And what is Biz? What is the real significance of the term? Is it to be discovered in the Sanskrit of the early Hindoos? Has it been written in the Cuneiform inscriptions of ancient Babylon, or the Hieroglyphics of Egypt? Can the highly inflected Latin or Greek claim the honor of having presented it to the children of men? Can you extricate it by searching through the modern tongues of Europe, of Asia, of Africa? Not so, for this little word is indigenous to that quiet little town on the banks of the old Buffalo.

But what does it mean? To the Freshman early seeking an abundant entrance to its manifold mysteries Biz often means far more than he imagines or desires. Behold him as with unseemly haste he bolts down his evening meal; watch him as he rushes to his room; gaze upon him as with sublime contempt he hurls his books to the floor, and begins to make ready for the conquest of the night. How carefully he brushes the invisible dust from the legs of his upturned pantaloons. How lustrous doth he make his shoes to shine! How immaculate must be that collar he selects, and his cuffs and shirt! At last he feels that he is prepared for the duty that is set before him, and with every hair of his head brushed into place with mathematical precision he rushes out into the open, believing that truly "All's well with the world." Follow him now to the door of her home. Note the smile of welcome with which he is received. Then turn away your head. I would not if I could pierce the veil and destroy that halo which surrounds them.

But see! There is something doing at the outside of the house which demands our attention. What means that assembling of an angry crowd? Ah, 'tis the Sophs awaiting their legitimate prey. Perhaps there is one now and then who escapes, but alas, the many must learn the true significance of Biz not upon the banks, but under the waters of the Buffalo.

To the Sophomore himself, to the Junior, to the Senior, Biz speaks a various language. It is not confined to Corridor walks with the song, "They're old ones on Biz," neither in the final analysis is its limit defined by Chapel lectures, Church attendance, and Junior and Senior orations. Biz is as broad as the ocean, it is as high as the heavens, it is as deep as the sea, it is omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient potentiality.

What Biz may be as applied to the maiden I dare not presume to say. I have said that it is the way of the maiden with the man, and I have spoken the truth. The male animal thinks that he is the IT in the case, but it is in making him believe this that the real, subtle art of the girl is manifested. There was a time, no doubt, when the man was the chief factor in the Biz case, but there has been a great revolution since then.

Not only is Biz revolutionary, it is evolutionary as well. Darwin's theory of the origin and development of species cannot hold a candle to the facts of the origin and development of Biz. Some eminent scientist might lecture for hours on organic evolution, but he could not draw the crowds which Mark Twain used to draw for a half-hour's talk on organic Biz.

Revolutionary, evolutionary, Biz may become executionary, indeed, as the annals of history plainly prove. At the bottom of many a war, at the bottom of many a murder, at the bottom of many a robbery, at the bottom of many a crime, sin and meanness of every description, there may be found a Biz case. Even in Bethany, the extreme Biz case shows its executionary tendencies in the assassination of grades until they spell flunk.

And yet, in spite of all these evil things, Biz is a joy which you cannot forego forever and really live. You may drag out your allotted threescore years and ten, and even borrow a few more for good measure, but you can never experience the reality of a perfect joy. As the poet has sung:

"Biz, Biz, you's the idol of my heart,
Deed you is, Biz.
No Prof. can ever pry my Biz apart,
Not if I knows what is—
And I does, Biz."

Let us lift up our voices and proclaim aloud the excellences of Biz! Let us sing of the glories of her power! Long, long, may she reign! Long, long, may the Bizite song echo and re-echo down the old Corridor!

4. Rubaiyat On Biz.

How could the trees upon the College Hill
With vernal Loveliness the Campus fill,
Unless beneath their Boughs full many an Hour
The Bizites sat, now talkative, now still?

Some say that Biz should be Outlawed, and Some
Declare that they'd much rather Biz than come
Into the Class-room, where a Language dead
Oft makes them Wish the Ancients had been dumb.

The Unanimous Decision of the Faculty
At times has made of Biz a Luxury
To be enjoyed but seldom; as a rule,
However, it's a dire Necessity.

After the Song "On Biz" had died away
I heard a Freshman to his Comrade say,
"They may be new Ones at it here, Old Scout,
But They have been on Biz before Today.

"For, if they'd never been on Biz before,
I'm certain that a Blush or two or more
Would have appeared, but They were both as cool
As the Cucumbers that grow by daddy's Door."

The soaring Grades we set our Hearts upon
Come not, because of Biz, and yet, I'll Swan,
Whenever Grades and Biz their claims present,
It's "Biz, come here; Grades, you may quick be Gone."

Yet those who Biz the busiest and best,
That underneath the Trees their Love attest,
Shall have their Round of Bizite Happiness,
And Two by Two creep silently to Rest.

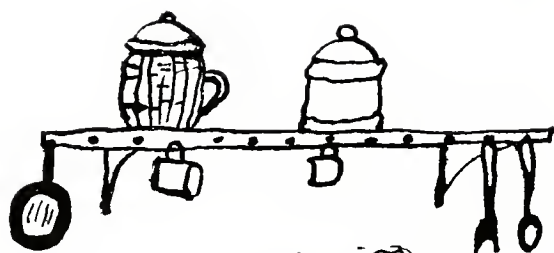
For Those who now in Chapel and Class Room
Cast furtive Glances sweet as Roses' Bloom,
Themselves must vacate Bethany some Day,
Vacate themselves, to make a place—for Whom?

Oh, make the Most of Days you yet may spend
Before you, too, Oblivion's Path descend.
Now unto Then and when Then comes to be
Sans Corridor, sans Campus, and sans End!

5. SILENCE

Thou too, keep still, Historic School,
Keep still, O College, though each rule
Be broken every single day
By Bizite lad and lassie gay;
The Bizites know thy president
Hath oft his ultimatum sent,
But what of that, while grass is green,
While Corridor periods between
Cries out, O Bethany, to each one.
"To go on Biz is royal fun"?

O think of those who from thy hill
Have gone, their place in life to fill,
Equipped for service just because
They dared to break thy foggy laws;
Thy foggy laws whose fell design
Is to destroy the very mine
From which thy richest treasures come,
Far better had thy lips been dumb.
Keep still, O College, silence is—
While hearts and hopes are all with Biz,
While hearts and hopes and joy and song
The happiness of youth prolong—
The best there is, the best there is.



Domestic

Science

R.B.

Culinary Art

(H. BELLE McLACHLEN.)

Fifty years ago a girl could learn at her own fireside all that was necessary for her to know about caring for the home. But during the last fifty years, scientists have been studying and investigating the different phases of housekeeping that are daily presented to the housekeeper with the result that so many new ideas have been advanced along this line, that housekeeping has become a science and a fine art equal to any of the other sciences or arts.

Among the most noted people that have made researches and investigations along this line are Atwater, Chittenden, Langworthy and Dr. Wiley. The last mentioned has gained the warm admiration and the entire approval of the housewife and the nation in his fearless, persistent and fruitful efforts in securing pure food products for the home.

Miss Catherine E. Beecher, a sister of the well known writer, Harriet Beecher Stowe, and of the noted minister, Henry Ward Beecher, is considered the pioneer in home economics. She was a teacher in the Columbia University. Her most noted writing was, "A Treatise on Domestic Economy."

Nearly all girls will have homes of their own to care for and the training which they would receive from a domestic science course would fit them for this work. It may be to a girl's advantage to have fifteen credits of mathematics or Latin, but a proposition in geometry or a Latin oration would not aid very materially in preparing a breakfast for a hungry man.

A girl can receive a small part of a home economics training at home but the training received there is not systematic enough, as the mother, in most cases, has not had a systematic and thorough training herself.

We often hear quoted that "self preservation is the first law of nature," and as eating is the most necessary act to sustain life, naturally the procuring and preparing of the food is one of the foremost essentials in self preservation.

The far reaching effects of household economics are even felt in the country's welfare, for by training for proper preparation of food, it would help to make us a healthier and a stronger race, and would greatly aid the body in the resistance of disease germs.

It has been conclusively proven that a child who has not had properly prepared food and care is more susceptible to a contagious disease than a child who has had proper food and care. Furthermore, if the properly nourished child becomes the victim of disease he is more capable of rallying from the attack than the insufficiently nourished child.

Not only in disease, but in the solving of the temperance question domestic science has come to the rescue. A man leaving home in the morning after partaking of a hearty breakfast, is more liable to pass the grog shop than one who has had an insufficient and ill prepared breakfast. A man properly clothed and fed is more anxious after a hard day's work, to return to a cheerful, cozy home than to visit a den of iniquity.

In this enlightened age it is very unfortunate to notice the stand that some girls take in this matter. They scorn the idea and seem to think that to know how to cook would place them upon the level with a servant; and these same girls even seem to take pleasure in airing their ignorance upon household affairs. If they would make a careful investigation, they would discover that the people interested in the economy of the home are among the most highly educated people of the land, most of them being graduates from our best colleges.

Take, for example, Ellen F. Richards, a graduate of Vassar; she has devoted her life to this study and has been the most influential person connected with all important movements of this time. She has written many text books and is an authority on any subject pertaining to the home.

Indeed, in the words of Ruskin, we can say:

"Good cookery means the knowledge of all fruits, herbs, balms and spices, and of all that is healing and sweet in fields and groves and savory in meats. It means carefulness, inventiveness, watchfulness, willingness and readiness of appliance. It means the economy of your great-grandmothers and the science of modern chemists. It means much tasting and no wasting. It means English thoroughness, French art, and Arabian hospitality. It means in fine, that you are to be perfectly and always ladies (loaf givers.)"

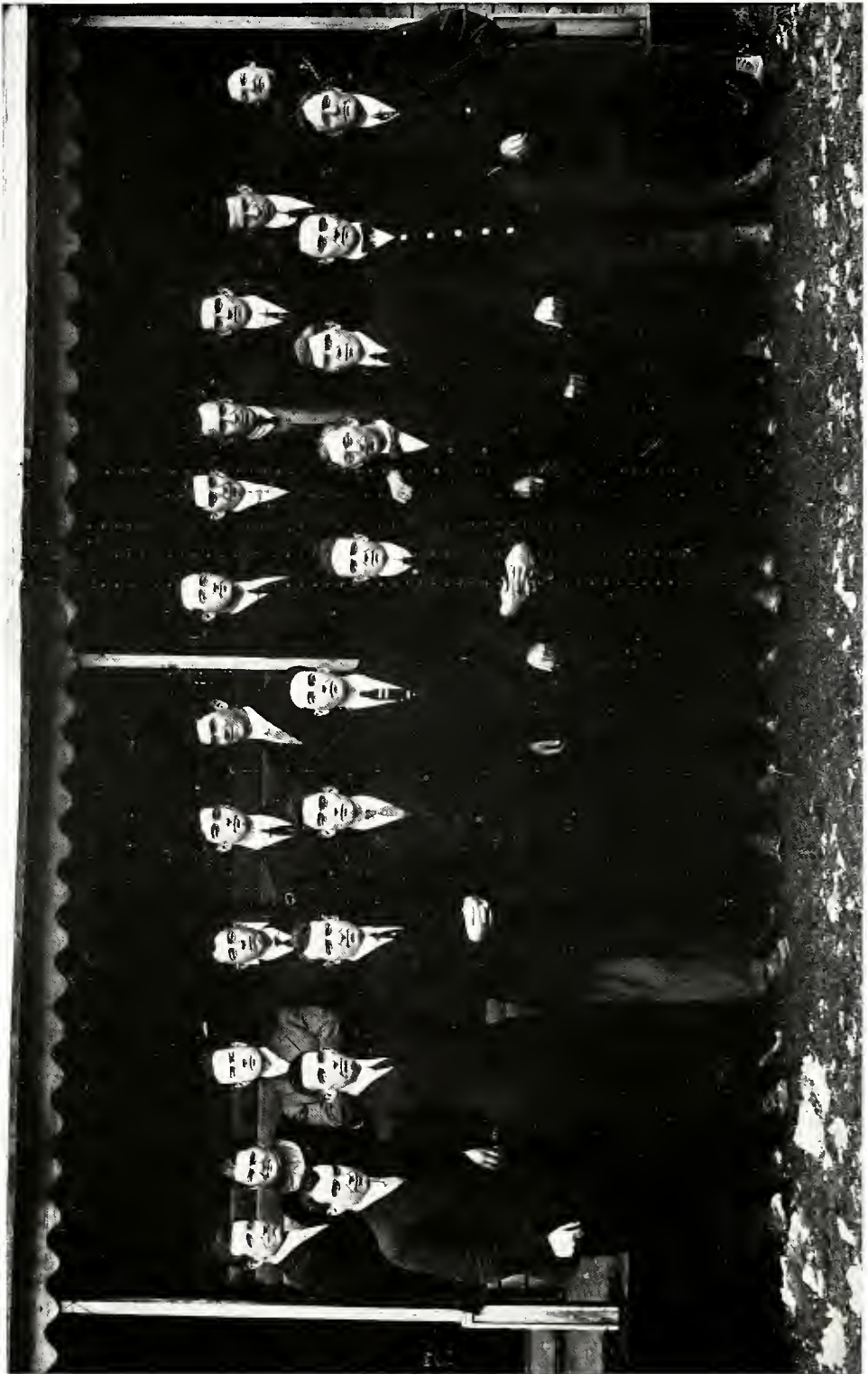


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 Clarence E. Rostofer
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 Robert Wilkin
 Sarah Mansell



Program of Mock Chapel

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 17th, 1913, AT 3 P. M.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

President Cramblet	J. Clinton Pryor
Prof. Taylor.....	Howard Blanning
Prof. Finley	William D. Butler
Prof. Perry	J. Albert Hall
Prof. Workman	Robert Hueston
Prof. Weber.....	D. P. Morris
Prof. Hein	William Shuttleworth
Prof. Hill	Archie Linville
Prof. Moos	Maynard Patton
Prof. Gay	J. P. McMullen
Prof. Bourne	Edith Hunter
Prof. Mahaffey	Dale Ross
Prof. Armstrong	Mary Perry
Prof. Hill	Elva Mann
Prof. Dew	Margaret Hurt
Prof. Hamilton	Roy E. Simms
Prof. Austin	Elizabeth Wilkin
Mrs. Smith	Edna McMaster
Mrs. Wheat	Ila Spore
Prof. Pendleton	Velma Rodefer
Rev. Morgan	Ernest H. Wray
Judge Campbell	Ralph Carman
Mr. Pounds	Clarence Rostofer
Mrs. Pounds	Myrtle Cunningham
Mr. Schmidt	George Schmidt
Mr. Patmont	Jacob W. Mitchell
Mr. Schmiedle	Lawrence Doak

Intermission of five minutes with COOPER on the job and singing led by Mr. Carman.

DEDICATION SERVICES.

Pres. Russell of Westminster.....	J. Albert Hall
Pres. Bates of Hiram.....	Robert Hueston
Pres. Hodges of W. Va. University.....	Ernest Harmon
Champ Clark, speaker of House of Rep.....	Edwin Wells
Hon. Earl W. Oglebay	John K. Tener
Hon. M. M. Cochran.....	Onward Rodefer
Pres. Doney, Ph.D., W. Va. Wes.....	Robert Wilkin
Erasmus Wilson, "Quiet Observer".....	Ralph Carman
H. C. Ogden, Editor "Intelligencer".....	Robert Brooks
Mr. Cooper, Sec. to President.....	Howard Blanning
Mr. Carman, leader of song.....	Linn Ferguson
Mr. McEvoy, Mayor, of Bethany.....	Earl Biddle

Mock Chapel Cast



The True Tale of Saint Patrick

Erin Go Braugh Patrick first beheld the light of day in a village on the outskirts of Rome on the seventeenth day of March, Four hundred and twelve, A. D.

From early youth he aspired to obtain a prominent place in ecclesiastical circles. Having become a monk at the age of twenty- he was sent to Tours to preach against the oncoming French Revolution. After a short time, becoming very much peeved at his job, he began to yearn for a change.

In the midst of his yearning, Patrick took a walk out into the country where he might watch the little butterflies as they busied themselves at their churns. Suddenly he took note of a brilliant idea, tied with a bit of green baby ribbon to a passing sunbeam, and making a quick move he captured it. Returning immediately to the city he sent a marconigram to Pope Celestine:

"Goodbye, Celesty, Old Sport, I'm bound for Ireland to become a saint, begorrah."

Then boarding his new Wright aeroplane, he set out. As he drew near to England Pat began to wonder if it might not be just as well to settle there, but when he remembered some of the recent Suffragette raids in the newspaper accounts, he concluded to adhere to his original intention.

When he arrived at Dublin Pat was met by a delegation of walking delegates of the United Order of Irish Snake-Charmers, who begged with tears in their eyes that Patrick would not snatch the bread from the mouths of their little ones. Now Pat was noted the world over for his sweet disposition and obliging ways, but the die was cast, he had crossed the Rubicon, he had determined to make March 17th a day dear to the Irish heart. The few, it seemed must suffer for the many. The Snake-Charmers, it appeared, must be sacrificed on the altar of their country's need. Patrick asked, however, for a little time to think over the matter, and after 3 hours, 16 minutes, 33½ seconds (by actual count) of continuous thought—during all of which time he remained in Thomas E. Edison position—he announced that he had solved the problem. The value of this solution is evident when we learn that what he did was to act as security for the Snake-charmers that they might borrow enough of the long green to buy up a few forests, erect

a sawmill and go into the breakfast-food business. Whether Post, Sunny Jim, et al know the extent of their indebtedness for their success in life to the tender heart of St. Patrick is an open question.

Having attended to this little affair in so satisfactory a way, Pat left Dublin, bound for a farm which he knew could be purchased for a song because the owner had exhausted the fertility of the soil by growing potatoes many years in succession and wanted to go to the United States of America to repeat the process on Government land. This deal being consummated, Patrick, who knew the value of the rotation of crops, sowed the entire farm in shamrock seed, certain that not only would the change be good for the soil, but that all the shamrocks he raised might be sold at a penny apiece in the numerous grocery and confectionery stores in the world, thus enabling him to anticipate Scotch Andy in the building of libraries, and still, should he wish it, die a bloated plutocrat.

The next move on Pat's program for attaining sainthood was to send his card—75c a hundred at the Bethany Publishing Co.—to Mr. Timotheus Redmond asking an interview. Tim had already begun the fight for Home Rule which his descendant of the sixteenth generation is still waging in Parliament today. Again in addition to Tim's political supremacy he was the absolute dictator of religious affairs in Ireland. Whether he wished to exalt Wodin or Zeus, or Baal or Buddha, all the people bent the knee.

After making his visitor wait as long as he thought his own dignity of position demanded, Redmond commanded his Jap valet to escort Pat to his office. The two men talked United States Fashion for a while (i. e. about the weather) then the monk casually remarked:

"Say Reddy, Old Soak, I expect to stay in this country of yours, but inasmuch as I always did despise a pagan you'll have to take up Romanism for a change."

"What's in it for me?" asked Tim.

The two haggled for a time over the price but it was finally agreed that the Irish Nationalist should receive a third of the proceeds from Pat's shamrock crop, and the bargain was sealed.

But one further task remained to be accomplished ere Patrick's sainthood could be secured, yet that was the most difficult of all. Having sworn, however, that he would be known through all the succeeding centuries as the man who drove all the snakes out of Ireland, Pat went into another thought trance. At last he recollected the story of the Pied Piper and decided that he would try the power of music on the ophidian reptile. In order to get his voice in trim for the ordeal, Pat practiced every night for a year in company with the neighborhood cats until he could beat them at their own game.

(Note—Many of the old boots, shoes, &c, acquired during this period may be kissed at two bits per osculation by the traveler who visits Romanist Temples.) Then going up and down the isle for another year, he opened his mouth and sent forth such wierd, wild strains that the serpents thronged about him, followed him from day to day, until they all perished of weariness and hunger, after which they were shipped to Africa where they were sold at exhorbitant prices to the snake-eating natives.

Enriched beyond measure through his snake and shamrock ventures, Patrick lived in luxury, left his millions to the Pope when he died, and in gratitude the prisoner of the Vatican duly canonized him as the patron saint of Erin's Isle.





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Bethany Past, Present and Future

Some names are sweet in their memories and associations and their very mentioning is full of significance. Such a name is Bethany, the home of Lazarus and Mary, the resting place of Jesus, the scene of his mightiest work of love and the place of his anointing for his greatest triumph over the grave. From it he went forth to his conflict against the Phariseism of his time entrenched in the temple of God and for its cleansing. So in our Bethany, Christ is anointed and proclaimed as head over all things to His Church and from it has gone forth the forces for the cleansing of the spiritual temple from the formalism and sectarianism of a century ago, from human authority and the traditions of men. No greater movement has ever been projected into the history of the Church.

To the "Sage of Bethany", with whom Christ abode, and those men trained in Bethany College, this great Restoration Movement owes its impulse and the saneness of its plea. Without these it would have dwindled into an insignificant sect, dominated by the spirit of bigotry. The very mention of the names of Campbell, Pendleton, Richardson, Milligan, Loos, Graham, McGarvey, Zollars, Aylesworth, Giltner, Willett and many others bespeak a corps of teacher that are the peers of any. The mighty preachers who went out from Bethany not only heralded a wonderful message but were in turn made by it.

The sainted F. D. Power said a few years ago that no college of the same number of matriculates had produced so many men of prominence. Among these are men who made Transylvania University and the College of the Bible, Eureka and Philips Christian Colleges and others who have contributed to the life and scholarship of nearly every other college among the Disciples of Christ. Bethany has not only contributed to the religious and educational life of the world but among the great names in literature that have been associated with Bethany are James Lane Allen and W. T. Moore; among the great lawyers are "Jack" Wayman, one of the greatest prosecuting attorneys in the history of Chicago, ex-governor Odell of New York, and Reed of the Consolidated Railway of New York City; among the noted statesmen are the peerless Champ Clark, second only to the President of the United States in place of authority and influence, George T. Oliver, editor and senator from Pennsylvania; among the philanthropists are princely Earl W. Oglebay and the "noblest Roman of them all," M. M. Cochran; among the great jurists of this age is Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court of the United States. In a recent magazine that recounted the men most prominent in American life were the pictures and names of three of Bethany's noblest sons, Champ Clark, Speaker of the House of Representatives, Justice Lamar of the Supreme Court and the scholarly Ed. Lovett, President of Rice Institute, the richest endowed educational institution in all the South; among those who have lead the Disciples of Christ and made them a missionary people, Bethany's sons, Pendleton, Moffatt, McLean, B. L. Smith, W. J. Wright and George Muckley have been the leaders throughout their history, while Mrs. O. A. Burgess was the wife and helpmeet of one of Bethany's noblest sons. The first missionaries of the Churches of Christ rest in the Bethany College cemetery, while the first missionary of the Foreign Christian Missionary Society was the sainted G. L. Wharton who pioneered the conquering hosts of Zion in India. In every mission station the former

students of Bethany College are giving a good account of themselves and leading in the making of new civilizations and spiritual birth of a new people. Thus the glory of Bethany's past is secure.

A few years ago the "mother of us all" was neglected and left to die. If it had not been for the heroism of our own beloved Miss Cammie Pendleton, the one alone who connects the past of Bethany with the present, this honored institution must have closed its doors. In this time, which tried men's hearts, the Old Guard consisting of M. M. Cochran, George Anderson, T. W. Phillips, the first great giver among us, and a few others lingered almost hopelessly by this honored but declining institution. Men almost everywhere contended that she had fulfilled the day of her usefulness; that the world had grown past her; that she was isolated from the world and could never be revived. Her buildings were falling into decay. Her beautiful campus was overgrown with briars and bushes. She had little or no endowment, a debt of \$30,000 and no credit. The Roman Catholics who stand at the antipodes of the religious world, actually sought to buy this sacred spot and consecrate it to the establishment of the authority of "The Old Man on the Tiber." The number of students had been reduced to less than fifty, her professors were underpaid and unpaid. These were her darkest days.

The great brotherhood to which she had given birth heard her cry of need and began to respond, but timidly and reluctantly until T. E. Cramblet, the minister of the East End Church of Christ, Pittsburg, was called to the presidency of this honored institution. He is a man of vision and undaunted faith and with such inspired Bethany's children and friends. The revival was much like the restoration of Jerusalem after the Captivity. It began by repairing the breaches in the walls and roofs of the splendid old college buildings, and by repeopling the desolate halls, the payment of debt and the raising of an endowment of \$160,000. Then followed in rapid succession the securing of the electric railway, connecting this haven of learning with the outerworld of affairs; the new Carnegie Library building, the Cochran Cottages and the Percy B. Cochran Memorial hall, and the Oglebay Hall of Agriculture, one of the finest science buildings in America, which has healed the breach caused by the burning of the society hall and library of the original buildings. About this time Mr. Oglebay bought the old Campbell homestead and presented it to the college for a demonstration farm and at the same time to furnish opportunity for worthy young men to earn the means for an education. The design for the Bethany mansion, orchard and cemetery is to park the same and preserve them forever as a memorial, with many of the personal effects of Mr. Campbell.

To the first endowment has recently been added \$250,000 with a number of more recent gifts and bequests to be added. The number of students has been increased until we now have the largest enrollment in the history of the college, with more than twice as many ministerial students alone as she once had students in all departments. The regular college course has been brought up to the standard of American colleges and the ministerial course has been enlarged and strengthened to a full three years' curriculum, which is now as good as the best, so that the man of God may be complete, completely furnished unto all good works, and a full four years' course in agriculture and a course in domestic science has been added.

During this present year the town has been sewerred, the Main street paved and parked

while the side streets have been graded and parked and the old highway between the mansion and Point Breeze is being boulevarded at a cost of something like \$30,000. To the other modern conveniences may be added the Central Heating, Light and Water Plant, at a cost of \$27,000, which is another gift of our friend M. M. Cochran. Just now the old livery stable is being torn down to make way for a beautiful and up to date hotel where the visiting friends and Patrons of the college may find comfort.

The frame of the old Brush Run church, the very first building among us, has been moved to the Bethany homestead and the old building restored as far as possible to display these historic features. It will be used as a museum and chapel to the cemetery. The old Campbell barn built in 1830, is being repaired and made of use, while along side of it has been erected by Mr. Oglebay the finest dairy barn in the state of West Virginia.

The next movement and the most needed is the erection of a splendid new and modern church building for the proper training of Bethany's students, ministerial and others, for efficient leadership in the service of God, meeting modern conditions and needs. Several large contributions by the "faithful old guard" have already been made and the plans are already accepted for the new building which will doubtless be begun in the spring of 1913. It seems that the old church building must give way to the new, just as the old decrepit Bethany is going before the Bethany of today and tomorrow. We are striving to retain all of the old that is valuable and true and to meet the demands of the new. We are retaining all of the old that does not stand in the way of progress. There has been more done for Bethany in the past five years than in all the years of her honored history, this only increased her responsibility. Here Jesus Christ shall ever find a place and young people, as Mary, may choose the better part, sit at his feet, anoint him in the feast of their love to be Lord and King. Bethany, with all her honored memories is being equipped for her greatest work.

For all this, the friends of truth and right are grateful to Brethren Phillips, Cochran, Oliver, Oglebay, Main, the trustees and a host of Bethany's children and friends; to the president and self-sacrificing professors; and are thankful to Almighty God for the preservation and perpetuation of this, the most hallowed institution in the New World, which it has helped make.

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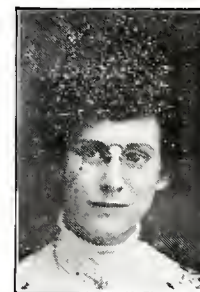
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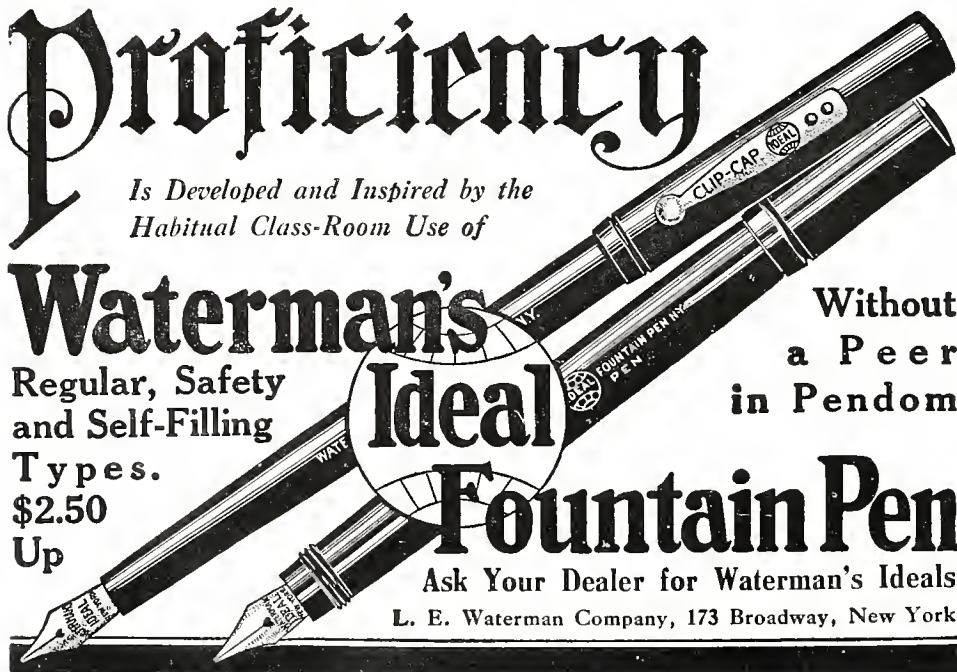
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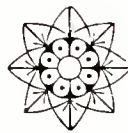
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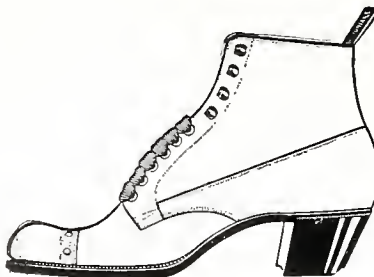
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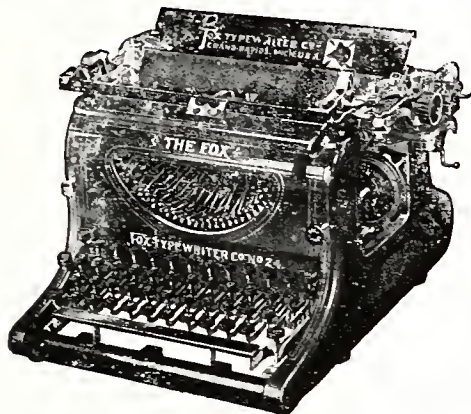
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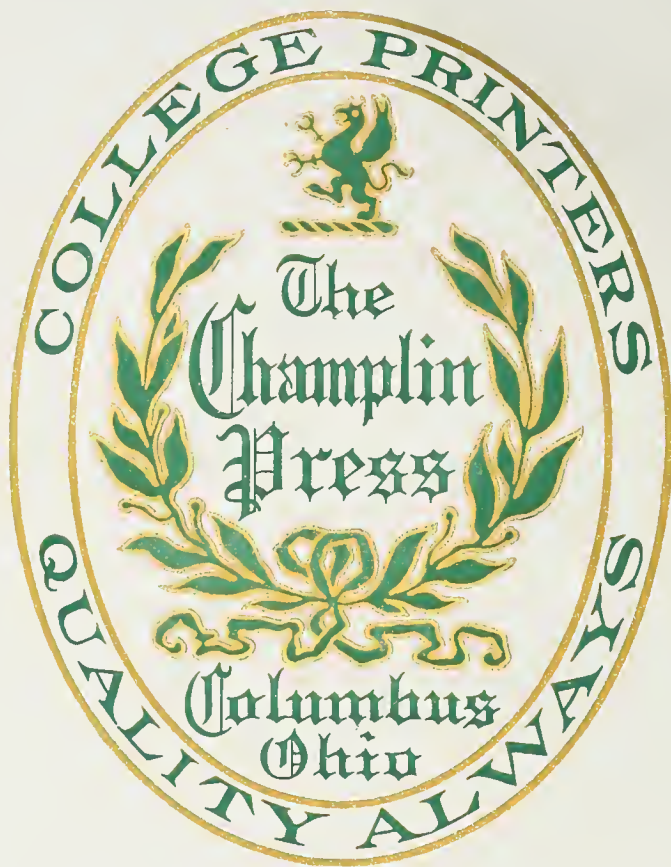
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